January 13–26 1983

No. 33 60p

KERRANG!

AEROSMITH 6-PAGE SPECIAL!

OZZY/IOMMI REUNION!

CHEVY!

TELEPHONE!

HELLCATS!

PAT BENATAR!

CONEY HATCH!

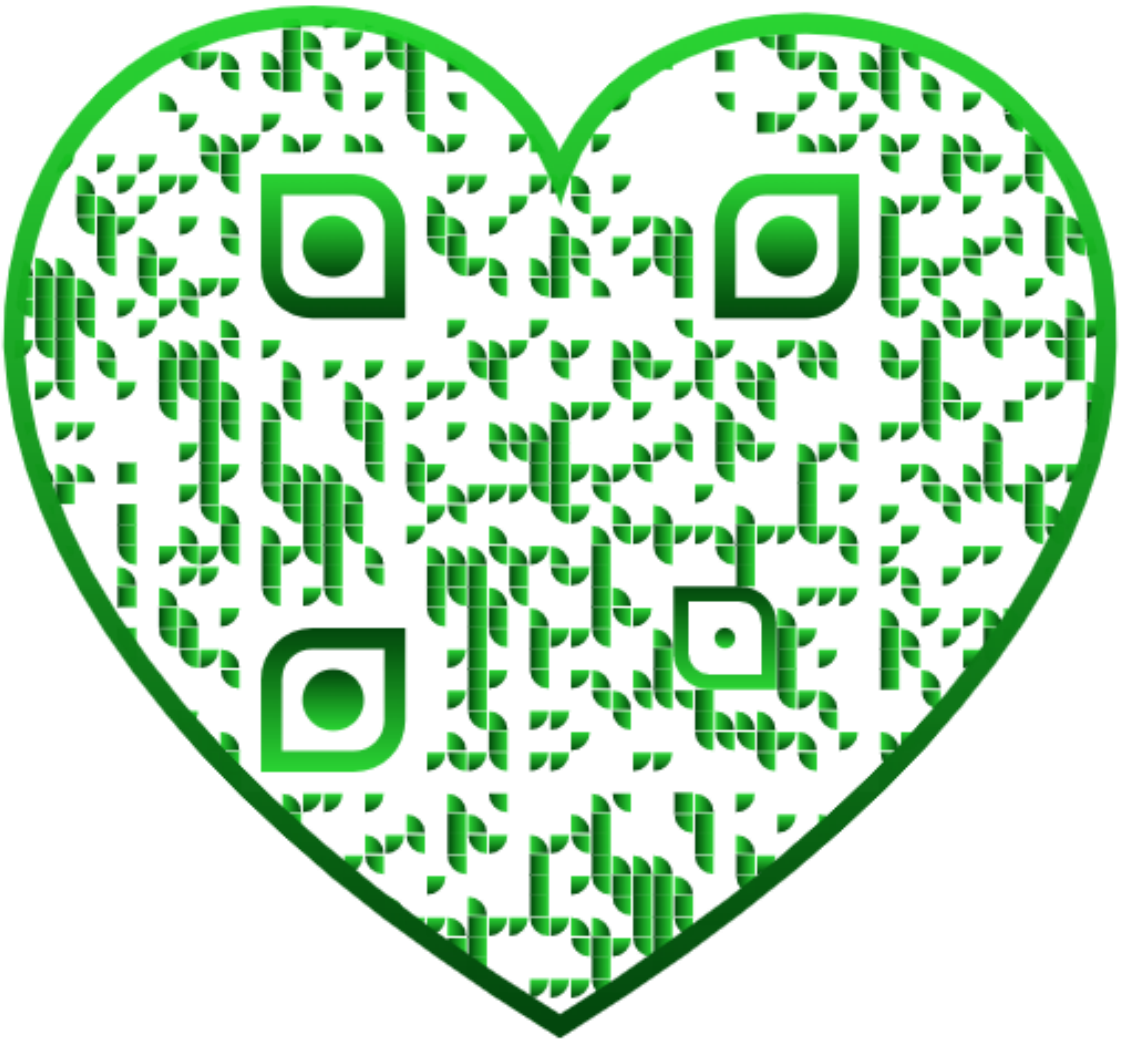
DIRE STRAITS!

GIRLSCHOOL!

PICTURE!

GOLDEN EARRING!

Aerosmith's Steven Tyler: pic by Ross Halfin



MAYHEM!

pix by Justin Thomas

KISS OF DEATH!

*TIMES are certainly hard inthe **Ozzy Osbourne** camp and the post-Wembley show party was held in a blizzard (no relation) half-way up the M4. Shown above, right is **Budgie's John thomas** exchanging tips on how to avoid frostbite with Ozzy-axe-fiend **Brad Gillis** who got quite into the 'spirit' of things.*

*And above, left, Ozzy and **Kerrang!'s** instamatic impresario **Ross Halfin** are caught discussing the relative merits of Heavy Metal as 'real men's music'. Ross was later heard to comment: "Yeah, I love Ozzy like a brother, just as long as he's not one of mine!"*

■ Is 1983 going to be the year of the 'rock star sister'? Already we've had **Pauline Gillan** forming her own band **Dirty Harry**, and **Barbra Schenker** getting involved with **Viva**. Now is seems that **Debbie Bonham**, younger sister of the later **'Bonzo'**, has been smitten with the bug. She's just recorded a demo tape of supposedly hot pop/rock songs which is currently doing the rounds of various record companies to some favourable responses. But, Debbie ain't no thunder drummer. She prefers to stick to vocals.

■ Watch out for **Saxon** making a musical apearance on 'Coronation St'. No kidding. It seems that in a forthcoming episode, 'Strong Arm Of The Law' will be heard blaring from a car radio. Just who owns the car (surely not Annie Walker!?), or in what context this is to be played remains, according to the band's Carrere label, a closely guarded secret. Still, could this be the beginning of a new trend? Will we see young Tracey Langton headbanging to **AC/DC**, or Rita Fairclough jamming with **Twisted Sister**, or Eddie Yeates tour managing **Whitesnake??**

■ Do you remember a band called **Taurus**? If you've a good memory, you may recall that back in 1980, this north-eastern quintet had a track entitled 'Paper Chaser' on the BBC compilation LP 'Metal Explosion', and were also being hailed in certain quarters as a band 'more than likely to'. Since when, of course, they've all but disappeared.

Well, it can now be revealed, that the band actually signed a deal with Phonogram some months ago, but for reasons best known to the label, this info has been a better kept secret than British defence capabilities from the Russians (not hard, of course!).

The lads have, though, recently returned from recording in the USA with top-notch producer **Jeff Glixman** (who is now working on Taurus' managerial stablemates Saxon). The fruits of this collaboration should be ready for public consumption very soon now. However, when product is finally issued, the band will NOT be called Taurus. It seems that certain persons closely associated with them have decided that a name-change is in order. Current favourite for the band's newly smelted monicker is **Ocean**. Let's hope this doesn't mean this fivesome will sink without trace!

■ The celebs were out in force at the second of **Slade's** recent two-night Hammersmith Odeon stint. Leading the way was **Bruce** 'it's good to be back home again' **Dickinson**, taking a short breather before heading off to Jersey with the rest of **Iron Maiden** for an intense six weeks stint of writing and rehearsing for the band's next **Martin Birch** produced epic.

Also present were **Denise Dufort** and **Gil WEston** from the **Girlschool** brigade, **Rock Goddess's Jody Turner**, and **Gillan** guitarist **Janick Gers**, accompanied by his erstwhile **White Spirit** colleagues **Graeme Crallen** and **Mal Pearson**, as well as the recently married former **Tytan** drummer **Dave Dufort**.

■ Incidentally, whilst we're in the subject of **White Spirit**, it seems their newly-revamped line-up, now boasting a much more Americanised sound, has been attracting considerable interest from several major labels, the direct result of a demo tape the band cut, with **Colin Towns** acting as producer. Moreover, with the demise of **Gillan**, it has been suggested in certain quarters that the talented keyboardsman is considering joining the Spirits on a permanent basis.

■ Glaswegian quintet **Heavy Pettin'** (whom you might remember were featured in 'Armed & Ready' way back in issue five) have now signed a major deal with Polydor. The band's only previous vinyl outing was about six months ago, via 'Roll The Dice', a single on Neat that made the Top Five in the national HM charts.

■ Dutch heavies **Picture** have their third LP, 'Diamond Dreamer' issued on Carrere REcords in early February (see feature.) The quintet are also currently tying up a merchandising deal with Harley-Davidson Motorbikes.

■ Despite having been officially confirmed as the support act on the French leg of **Pat Benatar's** European tour, **Spider** did NOT actually do any of the five dates in question. It seems that, although the booking agency behind this trek, were happy to have them aboard, Ms Benatar's management had other ideas. Therefore, with scarcely a by your leave, the band were informed of this 'thanks but no thanks' decision just a

AMERICAN NEWS

■ They gave us McDonalds; it's only fair we give them back something just as deadly! A killer British dance craze is sweeping the States, according to the venerable American magazine *The Weekly World News* in a story headlined "Loony Teens Bash Their Brains Out". Teenagers are dropping like flies.

"Like jungle beasts gone bonkers", claims the report, "our freaked-out teens are bashing their brains out over a sick new dance fad called: HEADBANGING" – Oh *Lemmy*, what have you wrought! They reckon this musical "mass suicide" started in English rock clubs.

"While the screech of rock music pounded in their ears, the wild-eyed young people bounced around dance floors shaking and jerking their heads in a brain-jarring frenzy of self-destruction. Before long the loonies were banging themselves over their heads with mopsticks, knocking themselves silly with garbage can lids, even hashing their heads against brick walls.

"Now this mania called headbanging is sweeping the world, leaving untold dozens of teenagers dead or maimed forever."

The intrepid reporters tracked down some genuine headbangers and suggested they give their hobby up. Said one fanatic, "I love it! I won't quit, even if it kills me!"

■ Talking of headbanging, **John Cougar** got whopped in the head in Arizona the other day. Some sweetheart chucked a beer bottle onstage which knocked little John unconscious. He was carried offstage and bandaged up. Half an hour leter he was back again, in a hard-hat borrowed from one of the stage riggers, singing "Hurt So Good". The things they do to make nice little press releases!

■ Some serious self-abuse went on at **Judas Priest's** two nights at the massive – 14,000 people per night – Long Beach Arena. Firecrackers were chucked and seats fell over as fans tried to keep up with the killer solos on their imaginary guitars while taking one too many drugs!

It's first time Priest – massive inthe

few weeks before the tour was due to start. Still, they should worry. For by way of consolation, Spider will now be supporting UFO on the whole of their continental trek.

■ Up-and-coming Midlands band **Trouble** have recently had a change of vocalist. Their new acquisition is one **John Ward**, and the band hope to go into both live and recording action early in 1983.

■ **Rock Goddess** release their first LP early next month. As was revealed exclusively in *Kerrang!* some months ago, it will be entitled 'The Goddessa File'.

■ Canadian nutters **Anvil** are currently rehearsing for their third album, tentatively titled 'Forged In Fire'. The band have already written and demoed some 10 songs for this new LP, and another half dozen or so will be composed before they steam into the studio with **Chris Tsangarides**, the man responsible for 'Metal On Metal', last year. Although, of course, the song running order on vinyl remains as yet undecided, among those tracks that may well be present are such sensitively titled ditties as 'Knob Tickler', Butter Bust Jerky', and 'Motormount'!

■ Watch out for **Close Quarters**. Formed in Los Angeles by well-known Brit singer/guitarist/songwriter **Terry Reid** (the man originally offered the vocalist gig with **Led Zeppelin** prior to **Plant**), this semi-super group also boasts former UFO/MSG guitarist/keyboardsman **Paul Raymond** plus drummer **Paul Varley** (who has worked with **Joan Jett**, and actually co-wrote 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll') on drums. The band are currently recording tracks in the warm climate of Malibu (lucky for some!) at Shangrila Studios, and hope to have some vinyl product out in the spring.

■ The beast has struck again! Travelling back recently from watching **Demon** playing in Stafford, your mayhemic correspondent and Carrere REcords executive **Peter Hinton** were rather stunned when the 'luxurious' vehicle coneying them started making ominous noises. Rapid investigations showed that one of the back tyres had mysteriously been deflated. It took half an hour to change said offending part in the cold, wet, and windy conditions. But (and here's the peculiar thing) at the time of this accident, the car's mileometer read – 666!! On top of which, prior to leaving the venue Hinton had actually been warned by Demon manager Mike Stone to . . . . "CHECK YOUR TYRES".

ERIC BURDON and ALVIN LEE on 'Gastank'

Stick your head in the Gastank!

'GASTANK'!? Could this mean that Algy Ward & Co have finally gotten themselves a sponsorship deal with British Gas? Or maybe, it's the monicker for yet another (yawno!) supergroup? Well, no, actually it's the title of a brand new Channel 4 music show. Yes, folks in the wake of the modest mediocrity that has become the stock-in-trade of 'The Tube', this latest rock extravaganza from the much-maligned fourth channel sounds like an absolute godsend.

To be factual, 'Gastank' consists of a series of six programmes, going out on alternate Saturdays between 6.45–7.45, beginning on January 15th. Co-hosted by those old codgers Rick Wakeman and Tony Ashton (well-known for their gross indulgence in spirits of the bottle!), the show sounds like an absolute rock 'n' roll hoot.

The concept has been kept as informal and relaxed as possible, consisting of two main guest artistes per programme, who each perform one song of their choice in a 'jam session' situation with Messrs (or should that be messers?) Wakerman/Ashton, before being 'interviewed' propping up a specially-built studio bar, consuming pints of lager ("spirits were banned from the set," explained a rueful Ashton. "Although we did manage to sneak a few bottles in occasionally!") and talkin' 'bout rock 'n' roll.

Among the guest musicians who've been blackmailed onto the screen are John Entwhistle, Rick Parfitt, Alvin Lee, Ian Paice, Maggie Bell, Steve Hackett, and Phil Lynott.

So, where on earth did the idea for such a TV ruck originate? "It started out as a joke, and ended up being serious!", revealed a slightly 'merry' Ashton. "I had this wild idea about two years ago that if us old farts as it were got together and played a few numbers, as well as actually talking articulately, it might be really interesting for the man-in-the-street."

Eventually, this germ grew into a full-blown monster-mash, when quite by chance, Goldcrest (an independent production company who shoot programmes for Channel 4) got to hear of it, and hauled Ashton and his cohort Wakeman out of the pub and into the studio to do a pilot prog with Entwhistle and Steve Harley. The upshot has been a further five shows have been recorded, and now the former YES/PAL men await with bated breath the verdict of the great wide populus.

MALCOLM DOME

states these days – have headlined such a big place here, and the first time we've seen their new two-tier stage set, which looks across between an Ayran construction site and an S&M club. Local band **Steeler** managed to get the coveted opening slot on the bill; the band's otherwise holed up in a Beverly Hills recording studio making demos for a major record company.

■ Let's hear it for old men. **Humble Pie** wiped off the rust and touched up the old grey hairs and headlined the Country Club, packing it out with devoted fans who knew the words to all the songs better than even **Stevie Marriot** did. The line-up includes ex **Steppenwolf** and **Savoy Brown** who played a treat, with Stevie bawling at the top of his lungs, even without benefit of mike. Brought back for half a dozen encores, Steve wept, "You've made an old man very happy."

■ Former **Detective** frontman **Michael des Barres** is heading up a new covers band in L.A. which includes former members of **Utopia, Blondie** and the **Sex Pistols. Chequered Past**, as they're called, have a go at everything from **Led Zeppelin** to the **Pistols** to the **GoGos**, and look like putting an album of the stuff out soon, as a label's poised to sign them.

When they played the Roxy the other night, every ligger in town turned out to see them, including **John Mayall** (consult your history books), **Terry Reid** (ditto), **Kiss, Sparks, Kim Fowley** and the **Bay City Rollers(!)** Not to mention the man in suit-and-tie who jumped onstage halfway through the show to present **Nigel Harison** with a summons – something to do with a lawsuit taken out by Japanese promoters when his band **Blondie** didn't show up for a tour. Nigel stuck the thing in his pocket and the band played on.

■ **Ronnie Dio** got onstage at the Country Club to singalonga **Rough Cut**, the band his wife **Wendy** manages and Ronnie plans to produce. One of its members is an old pal of his from *Elf*. . . . Another night, same spot, the venerable **Robby Kreiger – Doors** guitarist – joined **Adam Ant** of all people onstage for Ad's version of "Hello I Love You."

■ **Dweezil Zappa**, son of **Frank**, has dropped his **Fred Zeppelin** band to put out his first single under the name of Dweezil. "My Mother Was A Space Cadet" features Dweez soloing on one of **Eddie Van Halen's** guitars with the exclusive vibrato bar on it. Eddie saw the boy play at a school concert, noticed his guitar was permanently out of tune, and gave him his.

■ **Motley Crue** could do with a few patrons like that. Someone recently broke into a Pasadena gig where they were playing with (bad boys!) all-girl group **Obsession** and stole a bunch of their equipment and instruments.

■ **Saga** are the latest band from the land of the huskies to start breaking big in the States. They've just finished touring with **Jethro Tull**, and are joining **Pat Benatar's**, before heading for England early in the year to record their next album.

TOUR DATES

SAXON have arranged two surprise British dates in January before they take off on the European leg of their '83 world tour. These gigs are at St. David's Hall, Cardiff on January 24th, and a day later at the Nottingham Royal Centre. Tickets for both venues are priced at £4.50, £4, and £3.50, and are available from the usual outlets. In addition there will be coaches travelling to the Cardiff gig from Swansea, Bristol, and the West. Further information can be obtained from South West Concert Club on 02372 6219.

These dates will be the first appearances to feature material from the band's forthcoming 'Power & Glory' LP, due for release in late February.

HANOI ROCKS take time off from a two week tour of Scandinavia to play a one-off gig on January 13 at the Klub Foot in London.

GYMSLIPS release their second single on Abstract Records on January 14th. This latest release contains three original numbers, viz 'Big Sister (It's Probably Better)', 'Yo Yo', and 'Pie & Mash', the last-named being the band's own tribute to George's Pie Stall in London's Canning Town! The all-girl trio will be playing a headlining gig at the Moonlight Club, West Hampstead on January 14.

SARACEN go back on the road in January, having been forced to re-schedule several gigs originally lined-up for late last year due to vocalist Steve Bettney suffering fron strained vocal chords. The pomp-rockers play Pile Bar, Bradford (January 13); Riverside Centre, Stafford (14); Naval Club, Tonypandy (15); Talk Of The Abbey, Neath (16)

SOLSTICE, the Aylesbury-based Prog-Rockers' have five up-coming gigs to promote their newly-available cassette, 'Pathways': Airman Club, Feltham (January 13); Wheatsheaf, Dunstable (26); Imperial College, London (28); White Elephant, Northampton (February 10); Wheatsheaf, Dunstable (23)

ENGLISH ROGUES play at the Eight Bells, Wingham Well on January 19.

TWELFTH NIGHT have two headline appearances at the Marquee in London confirmed for January 16 and February 3. They also have gigs at the South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell (February 10), and the Corn Dolly Club, Oxford (13).

DUMP'S RUSTY NUTS begin an extensive tour of colleges, starting at Reading University on January 29. Before that, however, the band are due to appear at the Old Tigers Head, Lee Green (January 13), and the Penny Farthing, Oxford (21).

TONY McPHEE BAND have added 14 more dates to their club tour: Band On The Wall, Manchester (January 18/19); Penny Farthing, Oxford (22); Half Moon, Putney (23); Cavern, Middlesbrough (28); JB's Club, Dudley (29); Kings Head, Fulham (30); Golden Eagle, Birmingham (February 4); Star, Croydon (5); Tramshed, Woolwich (9); Half Moon, Putney (17); College, Chelmsford (18); Sport's Hall, Thetford (19), Centre Club, Harwich (26); Technical College, Colchester (March 4).

RICK DUFAY

TOM HAMILTON/RICK DUFAY

STEVEN TYLER

pics by Ross Halfin

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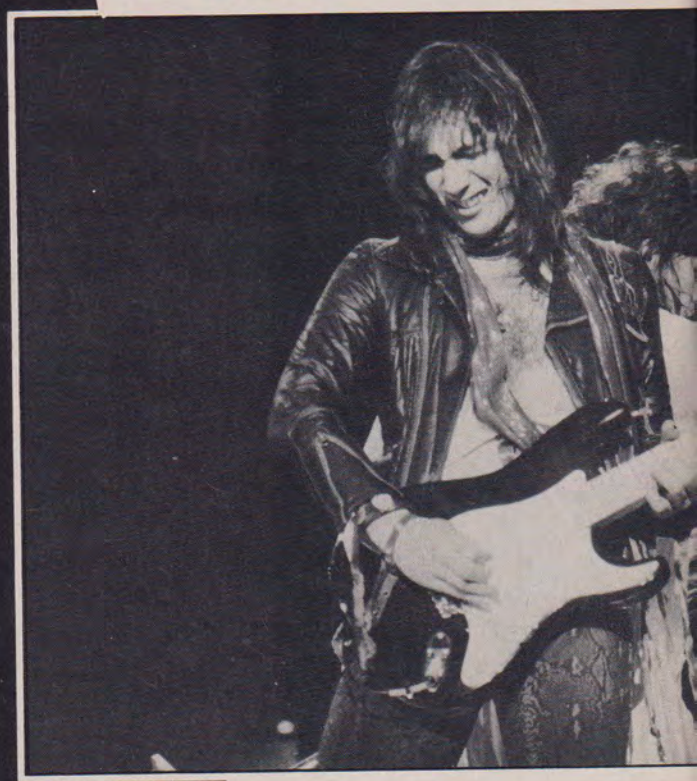


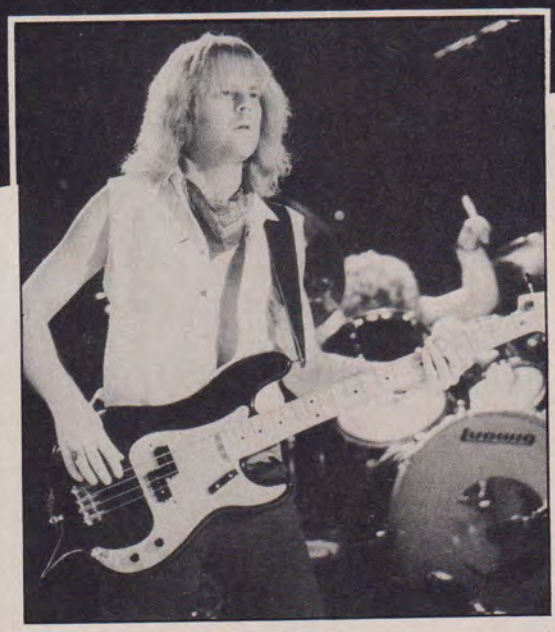
Dante Bonutto redis

"When I'm not playing I have to try and keep myself busy, and I hate it. Why kid myself that I'm gonna be a good boy! I'm a guitar player and that's what I should be doing." – **Jimmy Crespo, Aerosmith**
"What's the rock star look? You're looking at it!" – **Rick Dufay, Aerosmith**

WHILE MATTERS dark and diabolical remain a popular choice with heavy rock writers, there's no denying that the rock'n'roll lifestyle, or the archetype thereof, has inspired the vocal icing for many a sturdy riff, with women (pronounced for this purpose 'wimmin', a small but important semantic change effectively excluding both novices and nuns) playing a central, if largely horizontal, role.

It's an approach effectively sent-up on Rainbow's 'All Night Long', and there are indeed times when image leaves reality far behind and the whole thing becomes a bit of a sham. The after-hours rootin' 'n' tootin', the high-octane activity around the Y-fronts, often those laying claim to such fast-lane frolic emerge as little more than armchair revellers, well down the field in the 'Living After Midnight' stakes.

It's not, however, something you can say about The Rods



E CONQUERING AERO!

vers the Principles of Aerodynamics. Pix by Ross Halfin

(certain Polaroids in our possession prove them 100per cent disgusting, I assure you) or, for different reasons, Aerosmith.

For this outfit, formed in New Hampshire in the summer of 1970, rock'n'roll isn't simply something that happens onstage. Rather – and without wishing to sound melo-dramatic – it's a way of life, an uncontrived attitude and air embracing everything from mode of attire (casually draped scarves are BIG in this band) to a sleepless, us-against-the-world look guaranteed to explore the nostrils of petty authority figues and humdrum nine-to-fivers.

Simply, Aerosmith play rock'n'roll because it's the natural thing to do. The reason why at the end of 1980, though beset with various internal problems and under pressure to produce a follow-up to the excellent 'Night In The Ruts' LP, they chose to breach the curtain in a number of East Coast dives, New York's ultra-sleazy *Privates* club included.

Imagine the surprise of your soaraway correspondent, on the spot purely by chance, as five elegantly wasted figures followed Humble Pie onstage around 2am and proceeded to soften up those in attendance with some copious chord-play.

Clearly, the band were alive and well-as-could-be-expected, but worrying tales, smacking heavily of heresay and hokum, soon began to filter through on the rock'n'roll grapevine. One pointed to a final split, another, more alarmingly, to vocalist Steven Tyler having cancer of the throat but when 'Rock In A Hard Place', the band's eighth album, finally surfaced in September '82, some three years after 'NITR', it was clear that neither story was true and that Aerosmith were still very much in the removal business-roofs that is.

Founder member/guitarists Joe Perry and Brad Whitford had by this time split with the ranks but their replacements, Jimmy Crespo and Paris-born Rick Dufay, joining in October '79 and December '81 respectively, seemed to have matters well in hand.

With heavy rock being essentially a guitar-orientated music, you'd expect a complete overhaul in the rhythm'n'lead dept. to drastically alter a band's sound. But, as far as Aerosmith are concerned, this hasn't proved the case, their prolonged absence from the scene making it possible for Crespo, in particular, to be absorbed into the ranks with a minimum amount of upheaval.

As well as collaborating with Tyler on the original material, he's responsible for virtually all the guitars on the album (Dufay plays rhythm on one track and Whitford, who went his own way in the early stages of recording, provides a similar service on 'Lightning Strikes'), yet the final product retains that distinctive Aerosmith feel. The scathing, sawtooth guitar, the maverick lead and beneath that near-lazy, syncopated swagger (actually the result of much hard graft), all brought to life by Jack Douglas who hallmarked the production.

It's definitely Aerosmith, at times definitively so, and while at first certain aspects – the early-hours say of 'Push Comes To Shove', the delicate balance of 'Joanie's Butterfly' – proved hard to come to terms with, it's an album that continued to throw up new, often subtle, delights.

Clearly, there was no shortage of in-studio flair, but what about onstage? Aerosmith's US appeal, after all, was largely forged through back-to-back touring . . . so how would the Crespo/Dufay alliance stand up live? And would long-standing 'Smith fans accept them, anyway?

Certainly, the anwers weren't to be found in a cold Covent Garden office chained to the steam-driven *Kerrang!* typewriter so by-passing the UK end of the band's record company who choose to treat this sizzling hot potato like some soggy, school-dinner spud, contact was made directly with the big-A's Big Apple management . . .

Late Thursday night a call comes through confirming I can fly to Portland, Maine, via New York, to catch the band on one of the early dates of their current US trek.

Early Friday morning I'm belted into my designated TWA seat, mulling over 'Prelude To Joanie' and bracing myself for a further assignment with wide-angle wobbler (Wimbledon division) Halfin, already Stateside snapping Rose Tattoo, supporting Aerosmith along with Travers on the 40-odd date (and growing) tour.

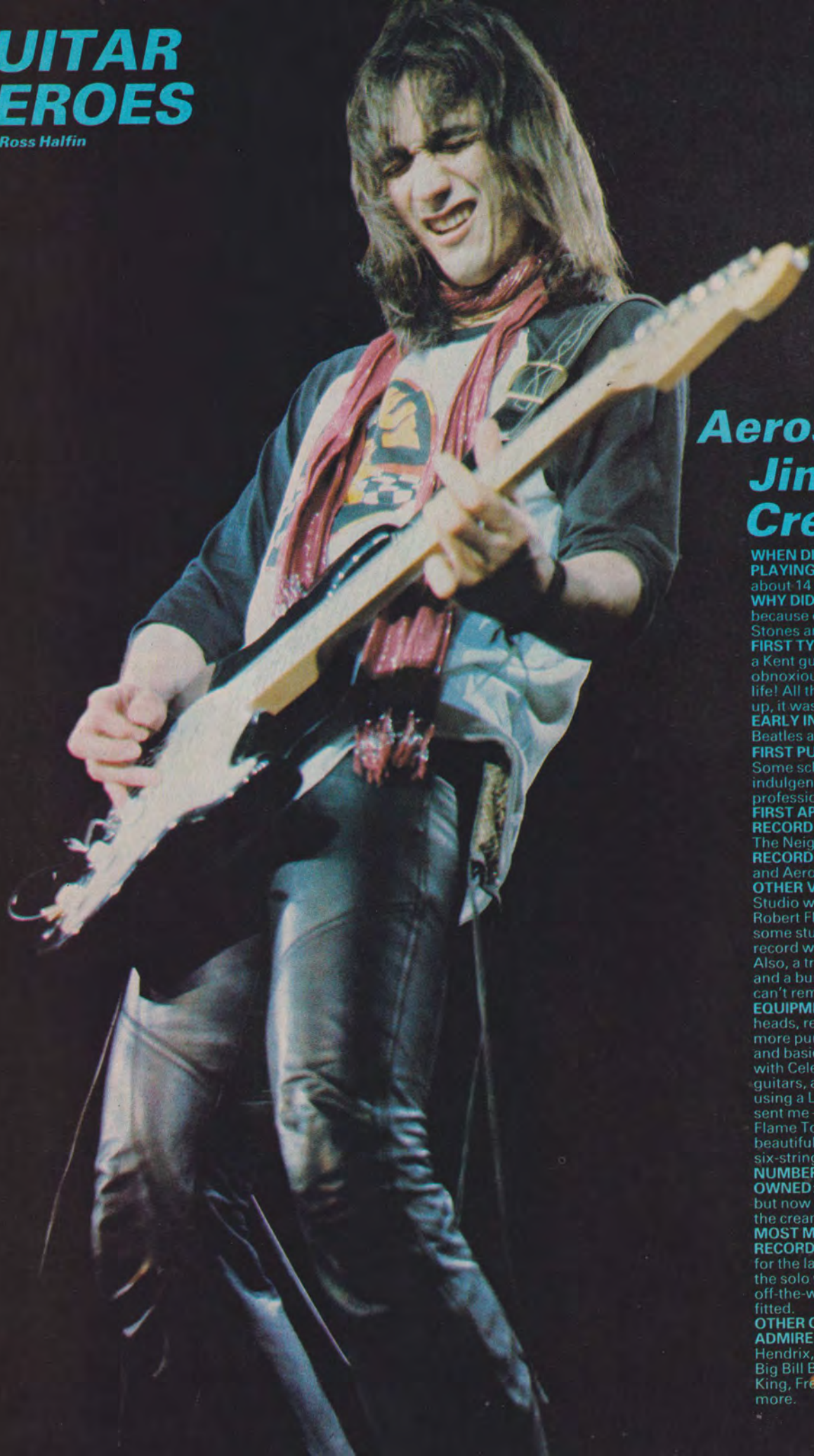
Portland being one of the more remote East Coast cities, we find our only means of access from NY is through two short connecting flights on the very wonderful *Bar Harbour Airlines*. The first plane (?), a cross between a Sopwith Camel and a hair-drier, proves uncomfortable in the extreme, our only solace being a glass of orange juice delivered by the stewardess *without* leaving her seat, though remarkably it gets us as far as Boston (no crops dusted on the way) where another ageing propster is straining on the tarmac . . . GERONIMO!!

In Maine (my luggage incidentally having been sent elsewhere – standard procedure), the cab driver taking us to a nearby hotel seems intrigued by our association with the band, finally offering to supply us with a host of luxury vehicles for the evening's gig. We decline, which is just as well as group and entourage, it transpires, have already snapped up *every* limo in Portland . . . that's right all *three* of them, one white, one grey, one black, a fleet (?) poised on the

continues page 9

GUITAR HEROES

pic by Ross Halfin



Aerosmith's Jimmy Crespo

WHEN DID YOU BEGIN PLAYING GUITAR? 1966, I was about 14 years old.
WHY DID YOU START? Mainly because of The Beatles, The Stones and The Yardbirds.
FIRST TYPE OF GUITAR: It was a Kent guitar, the most obnoxious thing I've seen in my life! All the strings were rusted up, it was a real piece of crap.
EARLY INFLUENCES: The Beatles and The Stones.
FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE: Some school dance – my first indulgence in this silly profession!
FIRST APPEARANCE ON RECORD: Flame's 'Queen Of The Neighbourhood' album.
RECORDING BANDS: Flame and Aerosmith.
OTHER VINYL APPEARANCES: Studio work with Ian Lloyd and Robert Fleischman, who wrote some stuff for Journey, and one record with Helen Schneider. Also, a track for Stevie Nicks and a bunch of other people I can't remember.
EQUIPMENT LIVE: Musicman heads, re-done to make them more punchy in the mid-range, and basic Marshall bottoms with Celestions in them. As for guitars, at the moment I'm using a Les Paul that Gibson sent me – a re-issue of a '59 Flame Top that's really beautiful, and an old Fender six-string bass.
NUMBER OF GUITARS OWNED: I used to own 25-30 but now I've got about 10 – just the cream of the crop.
MOST MEMORABLE SOLO ON RECORD: it was on a song I did for the Ian Lloyd album. I played the solo with an Ebo; it was off-the-wall but somehow it fitted.
OTHER GUITARISTS YOU ADMIRE: a long list . . . Clapton, Hendrix, Beck, Segovia, Bream, Big Bill Broonzy, Leadbelly, B.B. King, Freddie King and lots more.

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concourse as we arrive.

We may not be fully appreciated in Britain, but Aerosmith, along with contemporaries Kiss, were easily one of the most successful rock bands of the mid-seventies; 'Dream On', from their first LP released early in '73, was a smash hit single while their third album, 'Toys In The Attic', remained on the US chart for over a year.

This was a super, superstar band in the present day Journey sense of the word and, despite recent (apparent) inactivity, their presence in the hotel induced a certain starry-eyed gaze amongst the younger members of staff, one of whom can barely believe he's been invited to the show by Tyler himself. The rock'n'roll circus has come to town . . .

At about 8.45, in true Aerosmith style (one thing this band has in magnums), a limo, large enough for myself, Halfin and accompanying abdomen, arrives back at the hotel to whisk us off to the 9,000-seater Civic Center where tonight's gig will take place.

Though only on the road some two and a half weeks, concentrating on the more out of the way places along the East Coast, tales had already been drifting back of across-the-board sellouts, kids being mugged for their tickets with baseball bats and police being summoned to calm things down. Fortunately, however, there's no over-the-top chicanery tonight, though inside the hall, a large Wembley/NEC-style superstructure, the atmosphere is explosive, ready to blow . . .

The houselights dim, the swirling 'shower scene' music from 'Psycho' rattles the PA and thousands of hoisted lighters signal the band's presence on the darkened stage. Any second now and . . . in an instant the lights are up and the Hitchcockian preamble cremated in a fireball of sound discernible as the opening strains of 'Back In The Saddle', now very much a statement of intent; confirmation that the bit is firmly clenched once more.

For the rest of the set, past-album fodder such as 'Big Ten Inch Record', 'Walk This Way', 'Sweet Emotion', 'Milk Cow Blues', 'Reefer Headed Woman' and (of course) 'Dream On', with *everyone* singing in unison, mingles with material from the current album. 'Jailbait' and 'Lightning Strikes' coming across best in the surprising absence of 'Push Comes To Shove' and 'Joanie's Butterfly'.

It is, however, early days. The backdrop has yet to arrive and the presentation of the songs is being chopped'n' changed all the time, though it's instantly clear that the arrival of Crespo and Dufay has tightened the band considerably and given an extra punch to the sound with no noticeable drop in spontaneity or close-to-the-edge excitement – very much the Aerosmith trademark.

Original members Tom Hamilton (bass) and Joey Kramer (drums), work closely together, unflappable to a tee, while Crespo, finding himself in the Aerosmith ranks largely through the influence of one Richie Supa (a friend of Tylers's who wrote 'Lightning Strikes'), having previously recorded two albums with RCA band Flame, handles most of the leadwork, a relatively sedate foil to firecracker Dufay, introduced to Tyler and co by Jack Douglas, producer of his 1980 (digitally recorded) solo album 'Tender Loving Abuse'.

Situated behind Crespo, stage-left, is another new face, that of keyboard man Bobby Mayo. A Yonker's contemporary of Tyler and Kramer who's previously seen action with both Frampton and Foreigner, he's classed as a 'sideman-and-a-half, earning high praise from the band for scorning the dramatic synth and concentrating his digits on rock'n'roll piano. Altogether an impressive line-up, the new blood and the old blending together in a heady, heavy brew, though in terms of sheer onstage charisma it's Tyler who steals the honours by a stylish long neck.

At an earlier gig he'd collapsed towards the end of the set (over-indulgence rearing its head yet again), but on this occasion it's all systems go as, exuding ragamuffin chic, he casts his waif-like frame about the stage and, employing the scarf-infested mike-stand as an extra limb, leads the band through a final, tearaway 'Toys In The Attic' before bringing them back for the inevitable 'Train Kept A Rollin' '.

And now . . . the interview! In the dressing room after the gig Tyler's attitude to the whole affair is so casual that I half expect to be left wearing a trench in the carpet. But once back at the hotel it isn't long before four-fifths of the band – Tyler, Hamilton, Crespo and Dufay, the latter nursing a bottle of champagne – are assembled in my room, the designated interview site.

Kramer, for some reason, never materialises but it barely matters as Tyler (aka Tallerico), reposing cross-legged on the bed, proves in talkative mood . . . so what's the story behind 'Joanie's Butterfly'?

Tyler: "It was just a dream I had, yet people hear 'hooved' and 'fur' and they think it's the devil, my first meeting with him."

It sounds like there's some sort of creature involved, though . . .

Tyler: "Yes there is, it's a Pegasus, a unicorn Pegasus. When I woke up I put the whole thing down . . . it took a long time to write that number."

Crespo: "It had a whole development – first off I wrote the song at my apartment in New York and I wasn't really thinking of using it, it was just something that I dug. I thought maybe I'd put it on the next record as an instrumental piece, for like a minute, y'know, and then I played the basic chord structure to Steven, he dug it, lived with it for a couple of months and came up with a poem that knocks the shit out of me. The lyrics came a couple of days later."

Will it eventually be added to the set?

Crespo: "Oh yeah, it's gonna be hot shit . . . we're working on a way of doing it with a whole stageing thing. It's a special song."

Dufay: "Right now we're just getting into the groove of playing; we've only done five, six, seven gigs and the shit's gotta come together on that one."

0And what about 'Push Comes To Shove'?

Tyler: "I'd love to do it, but the girl part, that's falsetto . . ."

Dufay (shaking head): "It's a risky business."

Tyler: "We'll have to get in some chick singers."

Why did you bring in Jack Douglas to put the final touches to 'Rock In A Hard Place' when you started the album with Tony Bongiovi as producer?

Tyler: "The thing is Tony could put everything down, and he did it good, but it wasn't personal enough. It was just coming out like another new wave thing. Then he stopped showing up because we wanted to take more time than the average band. So we decided to jack it in and I went over to see Douglas who was happening again. He'd done John Lennon's album and he was just getting over his death. . . "

Why wasn't he involved with 'Night In The Ruts'?

Tyler: "Well, he'd worked on Joe Perry's album and had just had enough of the whole thing. It didn't work out between he and Joe, and we wanted to try somebody new anyhow. He said: 'Well, f**k it then!' and our egos were just inflated enough for us to say: 'Well, f**k you too!' So we split and got Gary Lyons in to produce 'Night In The Ruts' which I think is a great album."

Why did Joe Perry leave the band?

Tyler: Well, for a start Joe didn't *leave* the band . . ."

Hamilton: "He was at odds with the rest of the band generally on how we should conduct ourselves. We'd slowed down touring which he didn't like. Actually, he'd been thinking about doing his own thing for a long time – at first he was going to do it within the context of the band but then things started to get pretty heated, y'know.

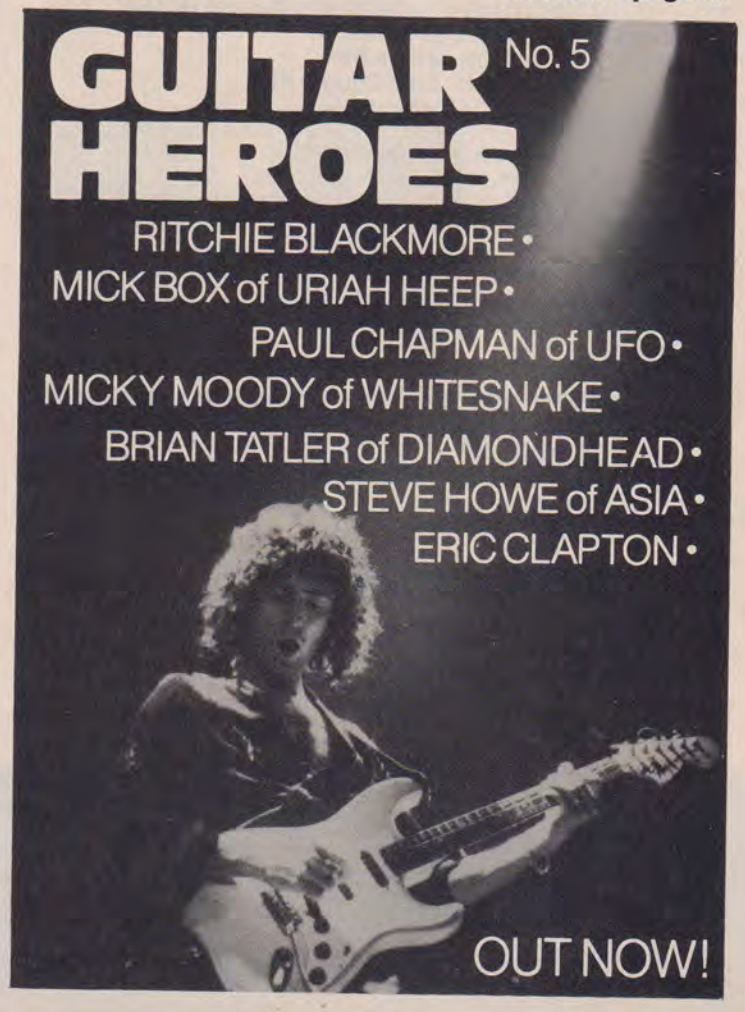
"He chose to make a big stink which resulted in him being gone, and he did it at the wrong time. The record business was going through a slide . . ."

Tyler: "And there were a lot of outside influences causing that whole trip that should never have been. When it's a band it's a band, it's the boys . . . and then I heard he was doing three or four Aerosmith tunes in his live show. How does he expect to pull that off? I have trouble doing 'em!"

And what about Brad Whitford?

Hamilton: "We were getting

continues page 19



The official HM charts specially compiled for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

1	1	HERE I GO AGAIN **Whitesnake** Liberty
2	7	KILLER **Kiss** Casablanca
3	2	MARKET SQUARE HEROES **Marillion** EMI
4	—	SYMPTON OF THE UNIVERSE **Ozzy Osbourne** Jet
5	4	MAKING TRACKS **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
6	3	HEAVY METAL ROCK 'N' ROLL **Rock Goddess** A&M
7	8	(AND NOW – THE WALTZ) C'EST LA VIE **Slade** RCA
8	6	I'VE BEEN YOUR FOOL **Lynyrd Skynyrd** MCA
9	5	CAROLINE (LIVE) **Status Quo** Vertigo
10	12	SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT **Pat Benatar** Chrysalis
11	15	THE WANDERER **Fist** Neat
12	11	TALKIN' 'BOUT ROCK 'N' ROLL **Spider** RCA
13	13	ALL RIGHT NOW **Free** Island
14	14	YOU GOT LUCKY **Tom Petty** MCA
15	16	SUBDIVISIONS **Rush** Mercury
16	17	LONG GONE **Gillan** Virgin

17	—	NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS **Wishbone Ash** AVM
18	19	HOT LADY **Dedringer** Neat
19	9	SOLE SURVIVOR **Asia** Geffen
20	10	JACK AND DIANE **John Cougar** Riva
21	18	BACK TO EARTH **Magnum** Jet
22	22	THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT **Silverwing** Mayhem
23	30	COMING HOME **Val Halla** Neat
24	24	CRASH BANG WALLOP **Raven** Neat
25	23	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT **Mamas Boys** Albion
26	—	OKEY COKEY **Slade** Speed
27	28	SILVER MACHINE **Hawkwind** RCA
28	—	TILL THE END OF THE DAY **Cockney Rejects** Arena
29	21	SHOORAH SHOORAH **Bernie Torme** Kamaflage
30	20	CHAINS **Judas Priest** CBS

Compiled by MRIB

ALBUMS

1	1	CODA **Led Zeppelin** Swansong
2	2	FROM THE MAKERS OF **Status Quo** Vertigo
3	3	SAINTS 'N' SINNERS **Whitesnake** Liberty
4	4	TALK OF THE DEVIL **Ozzy Osbourne** Jet
5	6	BEFORE THE STORM **Samson** Polydor
6	12	RECORDS **Foreigner** Atlantic
7	5	SCARRED FOR LIFE **Rose Tattoo** Carrere
8	14	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG – LIVE **Stampede** Polydor
9	7	LONG AFTER DARK **Tom Petty** MCA
10	10	DEATH PENALTY **Witchfinder General** Heavy Metal
11	9	CREATURES OF THE NIGHT **Kiss** Casablanca
12	20	BLACK METAL **Venom** Neat
13	19	LIVE **Riot** Elektra import
14	18	TAIN CANE **Tain Cane** RCA import
15	27	HUGHES THRALL **Hughes & Thrall** Epic
16	13	ASSAULT ATTACK **Michael Schenker Group** Chrysalis
17	23	LONESOME CROW **Scorpions** Heavy Metal Worldwide
18	8	RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** CNR import
19	17	BORROWED TIME **Diamond Head** MCA
20	—	FLAT OUT **Buck Dharma** Portrait
21	11	GET NERVOUS **Pat Benatar** Chrysalis
22	—	ON STAGE **Slade** RCA
23	24	SELF DESTRUCTION BLUES **Hanoi Rocks** Johanna
24	15	BLACK PEARL **Pat Travers** Polydor
25	21	PLUG IT IN **Mamas Boys** Albion
26	16	CORRIDORS OF POWER **Gary Moore** Virgin
27	—	UTOPIA **Utopia** Epic
28	26	ASIA **Asia** Geffen
29	28	ESCAPE **Journey** CBS
30	33	DAWN PATROL **Nightranger** Boardwalk import
31	35	READING – LIVE **Various** Boardwalk

32	—	RACING TIME **Santers** HM Worldwide
33	29	DIAMOND DREAMER **Picture** Back Door import
34	25	SIGNALS **Rush** Mercury
35	30	CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES **Hawkwind** RCA
26	22	COMPLETELY FREE **Free Island**
37	31	PICTURES AT ELEVEN **Robert Plant** Swansong
38	36	VANDENBERG **Vandenberg** Atlantic
39	—	KNICKERS DOWN **Buxx** Panther import
40	32	VOLUMEN BRUTAL + LARGA VIDA ROCK 'N' ROLL **Baron Rojo** Kamaflage

IMPORT ALBUMS

1 LIVE **Riot** Elektra
2 TANE CAIN **Tane Cain** RCA
3 RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** CNR
4 DAWN PATROL **Nightranger** Boardwalk
5 DIAMOND DREAMER **Picture** Back Door
6 KNICKERS DOWN **Buxx** Panther
7 THREE LOCK BOX **Sammy Hagar** Geffen
8 HANG ON TO YOUR LIFE **Shooting Star** Epic
9 LIVE IN JAPAN **Tygers Of Pan Tang** (Japan)
10 DEALERS PF THE NIGHT **Viva Dureco** Benelux

Compiled by MRIB

LOCAL CHART

1 BLACK METAL, **Venom**
2 DEATH PENALTY, **Witchfinder General**
3 RESTLESS & WILD, **Accept**
4 MERCYFULL FATE, Mercyfull Fate mini 1p
5 WARNING, **Warning**
6 DEVIL SOLDIER, **Loudness**
7 BLACK TIGER, **Y&T**
8 ANGEON DEMON, **Voie de Fait**
9 HERO HERO, **Judas Priest**
10 METAL ON METAL, **Anvil**

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KERRANG!

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16. Van Halen, Rolling Stones, Rainbow, Status Quo, Joan Jett.

17. Aldo Nova, Baron Rojo, Heart, Twisted Sister, Queen.

19. ZZ Top, Brian May, BOC, Billy Squier, Jon Lord, Nazareth.

20. Judas Priest, Phil Lynott, Ron Wood, Hanoi Rocks, Demon

21. Kiss, Vandenberg, Kansas, Motorhead, Gary Moore

22. Gillan, Saxon, Steve Miller, Manowar.

23. Michael Schenker, Grand Prix, Mamas Boys, Tygers Of Pan Tang.

24. Krokus, Magnum, Ozzy, Pete Way Fast Eddie, Gillan.

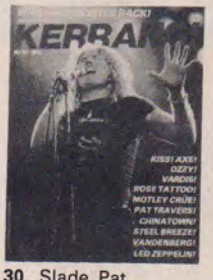
25. Blackfoot, Anvil, Rods, Iron Maiden, Reading Report, Samson.

26. Rush, Toto, Runaways, Tommy Bolin, Diamond Head, Lemmy

27. Baron Rojo, John Cougar, Aerosmith, Lee Aaron, Neil Young, Genesis, Hawkwind.

28. Asia, Marillion, Pat Benatar, Coney Hatch, AC/DC, Wishbone Ash, Wrathchild, Joan Jett.

29. Budgie, Terraplane, Stampede, Venom, Rock Goddess, Hanoi Rocks, Rage.



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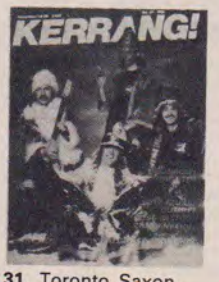

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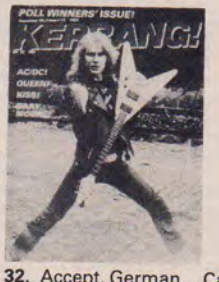

32. Accept, German Rock Special, Readers Poll Results, Kiss, Queen, Gary Moore, Eloy Cain, Eloy Scorpions.

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KUTS!

. . . our album assassination squad

Accept no Sabs-titute

BLACK SABBATH
'Live Evil'
(Phonogram SAB 10)

AND THEN there was two . . . .

At this moment in time the *Kerrang!* domain is being disrupted by one of the year's most controversial arguments. The air is thick with abuse being hurled from every direction. The subject which is causing all this grief? Ozzy Osbourne's 'Talk Of The Devil' versus Sabbarfs 'Live Evil' – which is the real McCoy?

The Sabbath album, it must be pointed out, is not just an outright cash in on the Oz's success: it has been in the can for quite a while and unlike 'The Devil' is not 100 per cent trip down memory lane. 'Evil' features a healthy selection of Sabs old 'n' new – from the debut right up to 'The Mob Rules'.

Most of you must by now be aware that the line up of the group is back down to the nucleus of the two original members – Tony Iommi and 'Geezer' Butler; who are in fact responsible for the production of this sterling effort. Ronnie Dio has left to pursue a solo career, having in fact recorded an album and put together a band with talks of a European tour this Spring. Less is known regarding the whereabouts of Vinnie Appice, although with such a shit hot reputation on the session circuit and a similar, uh, forceful nature inherited from Big Bro' Carmine one doubts that the man is starving for a crust.

So, apart from anything else, this album represents a live showcase and final testament of a line up that initially met with a dubious response and finally proved to be incredibly successful.

When Ozzy left the Sabbs it was hard to imagine who or even what the remaining members could replace him with. As strange as it may sound Dio was as equally an obvious as unlikely choice in as much that his lyrical imagery, mysticism, swords 'n' scorcery jive/niche that he carved out in Rainbow was right up BS's street while at the same time his almost too poe faced/extreme serious stance and total musical approach was a total contradiction of the base primevil noise that we grew accustomed to from these Brummie wizards.

Also it was made clear from the start that this diminutive powerhouse who possessed an unlimited vocal range was neither going to play the clone/clown or puppet. Being a talented musician, productive lyricist no way was he destined for the back seat and a radical change was on the cards. Whether the hordes of fans who were as biased as they are loyal would take to this was another matter.

The release of 'Heaven And Hell' immediately put an end to any doubting Thomas speculations. The Dio hallmark was stamped indelibly – he fitted perfectly and the band improved immeasurably. We always knew how competent Iommi and Butler were but quite often their efforts were inaudible due to lousy production. Now both could be heard in their full glory. The whole album exuded with the optimism of a group that had been given a new lease of life.

And onstage, rather than just rely on total front, the absence of the wildman meant they had to flex their collective musical biceps and generally pull their fingers out which they did admirably proving that they weren't the blundering bozos that the media would like us to believe. When the unfortunate but inevitable departure of Bill Ward came, the introduction of Vinnie Appice resulted with an even tighter and more competent unit as the last studio effort 'The Mob Rules' demonstrated.

For my money 'Live Evil' captures the Sabs Mk 11 at their best and with the exception of a couple of niggling criticisms is undoubtedly one of my top five live albums of all time. It's a perfectly balanced, well reproduced, accurate representation of the group, which is what every live album should be but rarely is.

Recorded in Texas, the production team of Butler/Iommi have successfullyy captured a clean, crisp sound where all the instruments can be heard and everybody is given equal breathing space. At the same time it's neither sterile nor an exercise in painful studio perfectionism. From the opening taped intro of 'E5150' to the lilting acoustic finale entitled 'Fluff' Sabbarf demonstrate the art of the well paced show.

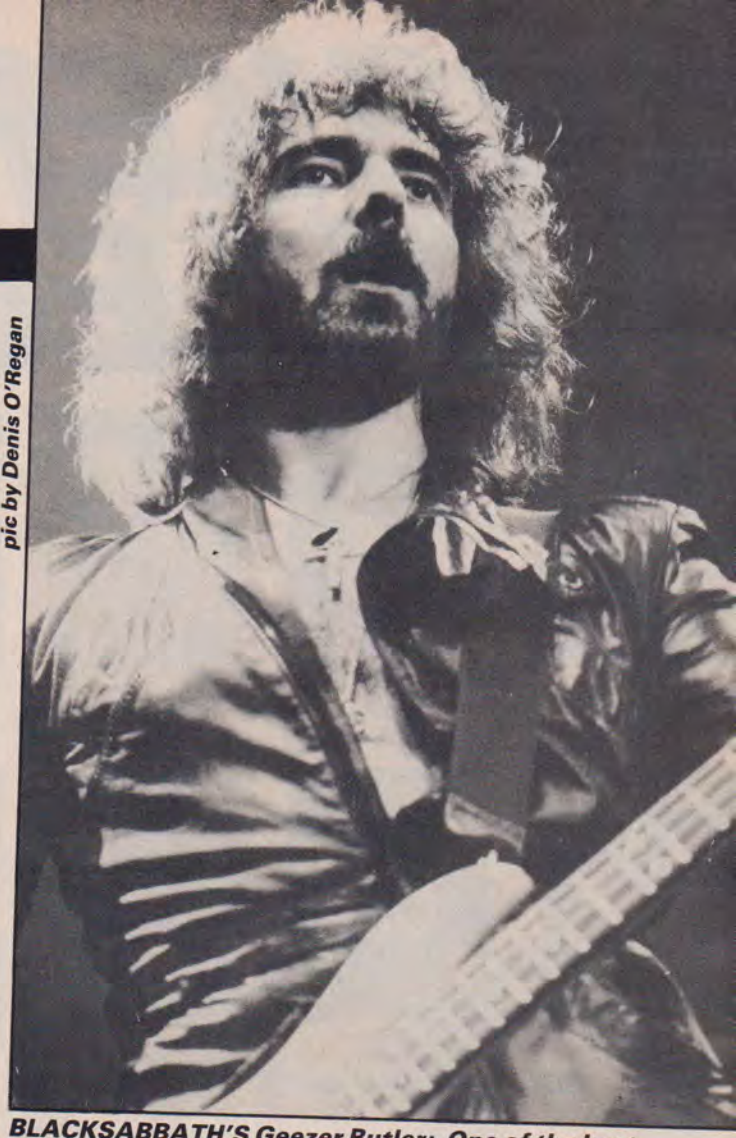
Kicking off with uppers like 'Neon Knights', 'NIB' followed by a short breathing space in the form of 'Children Of The Sea' then back to business with one of my favourite BS tracks of all time 'Voodoo'. A hypnotic, pounding riff accompanied with a delicious melodic hook. Here Dio demonstrates his unique ability of being one of the very few HM vocalists who can improvise – successfully! 'Voodoo' encapsulates all the qualities that make for a perfect HM song. Nostalgia is next on the agenda with 'Black Sabbath'. 'War Pigs' and 'Iron Man' completing side two.

Having just manacled the team of Bonutto/Halfin (mouths firmly gaffa taped) and locked them securely in the back issues cupboard I can speak freely and say that Dio was very careful / selective in his choice of old material and only picked anything he thought could be developed and given a new lease of life. At the same time it must be revealed that he loathed the task of performing 'Paranoid' which is apparent by its painfully shambolic execution (pun intended). On the former tracks however, Dio demonstrates his expertise in creating drama, injecting tension, his vocals wrap themselves around the song and squeeze every ounce of potential from within.

The album is only slightly marred by the dreaded solos detestable things which I hate at the best of times, save them for the show and don't record them! Almost a whole side "Heaven and Hell" is wasted on self indulgence from either the drums or guitar. Iommi's magnificent playing sounds much better within the context of a song. He's always been a thoughtful, structured player and sounds a little lost when let loose. As for Butler well this platter will leave you with no douts that the man is one of the best HM bassists of all time.

'Live Evil' is a compulsory purchase for all true devotees of HM. It's loud, it's gross, it's from one of the innovators of the grunge riffola who never say die. Get a hold of it, before it gets a hold of you!!!!

TOOTS DALEY



pic by Denis O'Regan

BLACKSABBATH'S Geezer Butler: One of the best live albums of all time

SAMMY HAGAR
'Three Lock Box'
(Geffen GEF 252 54)

THIS IS a mighty hard one to review, one of the toughest tapes ever thrust into my desperate digits to assess. HoJo is a dyed-in-the-wool (red dye of course!) Hagar admirer of old so when he is greeted with an album which he positively *hates*, it's as if an old friend has just thrown away his trust in him.

'Three Lock Box'? Loada Bol-Lox he said, and nearly tossed the offending tape in immediate disgust. Only duty saved Sam from this fate and three listens later the reviewer is happier . . but infinitely more confused. Good or bad? Black or white? The reviewer just doesn't know!

What is certain is that 'TLB' is different, pursuing themes from the last opus, 'Standing Hampton', to a presumably logical end. The songs are slower, not particularly less heavy, but aimed more at capturing Sammy's undoubted vocal talent and also his ability to write something less obvious within the Heavy Metal sphere. It's not a guitar album such as 'AllNight Long' is, which certainly makes a high song quality essential. Has he succeeded? I'd say not just now. 'Three Lock Box', 'Remember The Heroes', 'Rise Of The Animal' – they're all interesting lyrically (this is indisputably 'Hagar's most accomplished achievement in terms of the thoughts he's putting forward) but there's nothing of any musical depth which can make the overall effect particularly pleasing.

In sharp contrast is 'In The Room', an exploratory musical journey which relies on what could be described as a futurist based melody but played heavily indeed. Then there are also the lighter, more commercial moments of 'Your Love Is Driving Me Crazy' and 'Never Give Up', which succeed on the strength of their intoxicating melodies.

Yet it is individual songs which make the impact rather than 'TLB' as a whole. It's an experimental album which has failed overall, an interesting exploration which doesn't improve upon tried and tested formulas. It grows on you the more you listen to it, but is that just familiarity breeding acceptability? One to ponder on! The reviewer is confused.

HOWARD JOHNSON

BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND
'The Distance'
(Capitol EST 12254)

THE LONESOME stretch of highway. The dust, grime, and pain. The

half-empty road bars. No-one captures so well on vinyl the vast expanse of the American nomadic romance as does Bob Seger.

For what seems like countless years now, the man with rock's most forthrightly gravel-surfaced voices and instinctively earthy songs has been truly a spokesman for the lost tribes of street merchants. This man is the American dream turned inside-out, in a mode that Dashiel Hammett and Raymond Chandler perfected from the literary viewpoint decades earlier. Yet, since rock 'n' roll is now the poetry of passion and purpose, Seger can rightly claim to have re-created the style for the modern audience rather than merely ripped it off.

And so to 'The Distance'. This is, without doubt, Seger's greatest studio triumph to date. With a streamlined, yet still starkly powerful overview, the album succeeds in being both musically attractive yet lyrically damning. No song is more effective in such a manner than 'Boomtown Blues'. The riff is simple, thundering and insistent, charged as it is by some slick saxophonic licks from Alto Reed. The story-line, though, is no restful parking space. "You've done your time/How come you've got no piece of mind," slates Seger as he lays on the line the dilemma of those unfortunates forced to move many miles from home just to earn a crust.

Elsewhere, 'Shame On The Moon', with a balladic refrain not unlike 'Itchycoo Park', via its lilting bite, allows Seger to express how a man's inner self can remain mysteriously hidden even to his closest friends ("Step light on old toes/Cause until you've been beside a man/You don't know who he knows").

And so it goes on through 'Even Now' and 'Makin' Thunderbirds' (the only rally uptempo tracks here), the boldly strutting 'Little Victories', the commercially hookable 'Roll Me Away' etc, etc.

People have been saying for years that eventually Seger would issue a masterpiece. With 'The Distance', I think he's finally done it!

MALCOLM DOME

SANTERS
Racing Time
(Heavy Metal Worldwide HMI LP4)

AND YET another Canadian three piece adds on extra keyboards and guitars and ends up sounding like an extravagant five piece . . .

A sighting of Santers earlier this year winning over an Ozzy Osbourne crowd confirmed that brothers Rick and Mark Santers, together with cohort Rick Lazaroff, have the balls and the gall to set any crowd alight; this album further confirms that they can distinguish a song from a mere thrash, and aim to get the distinction over on record.

Frequently HM bands trying to write songs end up churning out twee, banal rubbish that amounts to nothing more than nursery rhymes with powerchords, and the first side of 'Racing Time' admittedly runs pretty close to the wind in this respect, with moments of devastating crassness creeping into each track save the closing 'Road To Morocco'. What Santers do to escape the critical chopping block is to dress up the fundamental indifference of the material so well with colourful, energetic firepower, with the result that it's only really on the hooks where the deficiencies remain evident. Rick Santers guitarwork is impressively commanding, and the ballsy Jack Richardson/Rick Santers co-production is helpful to say the least.

Side two of the album displays rather more depth, touches of unexpected intelliegence (they are a power trio after all!) adding interest to the band's range of attributes, notably on the dancing hook of the title track. At times Santers' guitar exhibits more than a touch of the Lifesons-side one's 'Road To Morocco' and 'Back Streets' from side two could almost be the man himself – but it's hardly a cause for complaint. The added dynamics of the keyboard overdubs hint at the revitalised Triumph too, but 'Racing Time' nevertheless remains firmly a Santers album with more than enough individuality and quality to stand in its own right.

Sample the marching majesty of 'Two Against The World' or the fiery attack of 'Winter Freeze' with its Foreigner-like hook for evidence of the band's close class, or the savage squirming power of 'Hard Time Loving You' for proof that they can get rough without dropping their standards for the sake of easy points.

Talk is in the air concerning a UK tour for the lads, and on the strength of 'Racing Time' a live sighting should prove a rewarding experience. I liked them six months ago and they sound even better now . . .

PAUL SUTER

TWELFTH NIGHT
'Fact & Fiction'
(TN 006)

I MAY be wrong (it wouldn't be the first time!), but I think this is the third album from Reading quartet Twelfth Night. And you'd have thought by now they'd have sorted out their minimal number of faults, right? Wrong!! Despite my initial hopes, 'Fact & Fiction' ultimately stands as an unfulfilled masterpiece.

In fact, were it not for the awfully twee production (David Hentschel where are you), and the presence of disastrous vocalist Geoff Mann (I've heard mime artists with better voices!), then Twelfth Night would have undoubtedly come up with a CLASSIC. And that is where 'F & F' rankles. Everything aside from the above weaknesses is quite mesmerising. Clive Mitten's Rick Wright/Tony Banks style of ethereal keyboards playing is breathtaking, whilst Andy Revell uses his guitar in a complementing manner rather than attempting to supercede Mitten. And Brian Devoil has a light touch on the drums that is fluid and, yes, graceful.

As for the material? The best of it is easily as good as Marillion numbers, with the eerie 'Creep Show' (a freak fun-fair side show based around human weaknesses), and the conceptual 'We Are Sane' (a three movement condensing of the themes explored by Pink Floyd on 'The Wall'), totally convincing.

So, if you like prog rock served up with a melodic side salad à la the Floyd circa 'Meddle' then this lot are for you. And if the band can get the vocal/production problems sorted out, they could be very successful.

MALCOLM DOME

AXE
'Offering'
(Atco ATC K 50 895)

I USED to have a real soft spot for Axe – it's called quicksand! For, a couple of years back this US quintet were responsible for cutting two of the worst AOR/pomp LPs it's ever been my misfortune to hear. Indeed, I felt like celebrating like never before, when good taste won at their record company MCA, and the band were summarily dropped.

But, now they're back with a new label in Atco – and, astonishingly, a red-hot cracker in 'Offering'. In fact, I just can't believe this to be the same band as I used to know and loathe. Virtually every cut here is a potential hit single. From the REO Speedwagon semi-balladry of 'Now Or Never' and 'Steal Another Fantasy' to the uptempo rockin' philosophy of 'Rock 'N' Roll Party In The Streets', and 'Burn The City Down', Axe prove to be more catching than an epidemic of Asian 'Flu.

And, if by and large the musicianship is anonymous, then it scarcely seems to matter – it's the combined strength of all the factors that makes the LP such a winner. In this respect, no praise is too high for producer Al Nalli. It's his sympathetic vision that helps in no small measure to shape and lend substance to the whole affair. This is never more obvious than on the Magnum-style epic sprawl of 'Silent Soldiers'. Under many producers, it might have ended up merely becoming a meaningless meander. Nalli, though, never allows the inner tension within the song to be diluted by excessive pomposity.

Just about the only real duffer here, in fact, is a wasteful version of Montrose's 'I've Got The Fire'. Why Axe covered this chestnut when they've obviously an ability to pen such good tunes is a mystery to me, I'm afraid. Still, I can't complain too much, for 'Offering' is a superb LP cutting to the bone on almost every track!

MALCOLM DOME

UTOPIA
'Utopia'
(Network Records – Import)

THIS is about as fascinating and enthralling as spending an evening being sold life insurance and should be equally avoided.

DAVE DICKSON

IMPORTS!

BUXX
'Knickers Down EP'

FEATURING highly in *Kerrang's* import charts of late, it makes a pleasant change to hear material from a new US band which does not rely on thrash to grab your ears. Much as you might think otherwise when we talk about America, the majority of the country's new acts have chosen to imitate some of our own groups, possibly as a reaction to their own land's dedication to melody. It's 'crank it up, speed it up and cock it up' city, with no real idea how to be heavy *and* good.

Buxx' six tracks are different. They derive their sound from Washington's finest, the sadly missed Angel, minus the excessive Pompdom which probably halted the Angelic ones' rise to the top. Thus they reach the ears as a Hard Rockin' easy listen if that's not a contradiction in terms. All the traditional class US ingredients are present, a close attention to vocal harmony, a lead vocal which is high in the mix and a guitar (courtesy of Bob Norman) which rocks out while never producing lobotomies per se!

Norman and bassist Paul Gallop both know how to write a good tune, which when it boils down to it is what the whole game is all about, and 'Don't Blame You' especially could ben airplay hit thanks to its racy guitar lines and simple but effective keyboard break by Martin Victor. The two guys also complement each other quite superbly, their song structures being relatively similar, which all points to a healthy, lasting relationship.

Healthy it is too, to see a US band managing to put out such high quality product with limited resources and without the aid of the conglomerates which have such a stranglehold on the American music industry. If there are more bands lurking as Buxx are, then the future of US Rock 'n' Roll is bright indeed. Let's give 'em our support, for in their own words, they've got to be 'Free To Rock'!

HOWARD JOHNSON

BULLET
'Execution' (Lark INL 3532 – Belgian import)

"WELL HERE we go again!" was the initial reaction upon taking a gander at Bullet. More studs than a male brothel and so distastefully displayed. Some bands can carry the macho stance off with unerring ease but Bullet look like BBC2 'What is Heavy Metal?' documentary outtakes. This had better be good!

Well whack my woofers and twang the tweeters, this is pretty damn powerful! 'Execution'? My neck was severed in several places thanks to the excessive noggin knockin' factor of this album's title track. "Snigger, snigger" thought the hack. "The kids are gonna love this!".

'Cold Hearted Woman' sounds dumb enough to delight and ooh – that guitar has just given me another kick in the crackers. Mmm. . . it's that. . . Boogie moment, an unholy and totally dedicated rip-off of Krokus, The Ramones and AC/DC rolled into one gargantuan gonzoid package. This is man's music – not a quiche or Toto in sight.

Following our German special here is another outfit to add to your list of worthily horrible Huns. "Germans – not to be trusted" wheezes Bonutto, but I know the kids are gonna love this. Ok Ok, there are no deep sociological meaning behind Bullet, but I doubt that there's anyone who's actually got the gall to face the band and tell 'em so!

'Gimme Some Power' is. . . er. . . powerful while 'Locked In A Cage' brings the animal house that little bit nearer. Even when these animals slow down a little they slip into Johnson-era AC/DC neanderthal stomp. 'The Devil's Got You' and 'Mr. Death' can grind you into pulp.

I know that if every band were doing this it'd be ultra-tedious, but there's certainly room for an elite handful. You try telling the fans that this is boring! With a smile on my face I echo the words: "The kids are gonna love this!".

HOWARD JOHNSON

NIGHT RANGER
'Dawn Patrol'
Boardwalk Records Inc.
NB-33259-1 (Import)

AS LONG as albums of this quality are released every now and again, then good old H.M. will always be 'the permanent wave' (which it is anyway). I've only heard two albums this year that are better than 'Dawn Patrol', and they are – Aerosmiths 'Rock In A Hard Place' and that stunning debut from

IMPORTS

Ross-The-Boss and co, 'Manowar'.

I still can't believe that this is the same 'Ranger' (as they were formerly known) I saw down at San Francisco's famous night club – 'The Old Waldorf', way back in the summer of '81. The band were very much a second division outfit then, no decent songs, lousy image, and they simply relied on living on the name of Alan Fitzgerald, who as we all know, was previously in, Montrose and then did a short stint with Sammy Hagar, before finishing up in the right place with Night Ranger. Ozzy fans will be delighted to hear that this is also normally home of Brad Gillis when he's not on the road with Ozzy, which raises the question: will Brad rejoin Night Ranger after the madman's Euro trek is over? Rudy Sarzo was also involved in solo projects whilst being in Ozzy's band (he eventually went back to Quiet Riot) and now the N.R., album is beginning to shift the units in the States, I'll be very surprised if Brad stays with the Ozz.

This album hasn't left the turntable since I acquired it from Londons finest new import store Shades, its that classy, honest chief! Every track's a winner from the opener, 'don't tell Me You Love Me', which is destined to become a smash hit in the States, right thru to the title cut, 'Night Ranger', a masterful slice of A.O.R mayhem. Musically speaking Night Ranger, are a cross between Montrose and Sammy Hagar, with the odd hint of Frankie & The Knockouts thrown in for good measure.

Side A is mainly up tempo A.O.R. rockers, with 'Sing Me Away', even having touches of Ozzy in the way the vocals are dealt with, and the axe work of Brad gillis can't be faulted, as he churns out the riffs most guitarist can only dream about. And let's not forget his other 'alf, Jeff Watson who also plays some pretty impressive lead now again.

But it seems the real masterminds behind Night Ranger's very commercial catchy sound are Jack Blades who plays bass and the skinsman Kelly Keagy. Both share the role of lead vocals and both wrote the ten gems present on this fine offering.

Side B, meanwhile is a lot 'eavier. just listen to the likes of 'Can't Find Me A Thrill which contains a riff powerful enough to have the neighbours knocking on your wall, and even the lyrics are on par- *"cocaine and women they treat you same, set you up for the night and then leave you again"*. 'Play Rough' could quite easily be an old Montrose outtake, and I could go on and on, but I won't, just in case Boardwalk don't decide to release 'Dawn Patrol' here, though I'm sure they will. Now lets hope Night Ranger, bury the hatchet on the old 'ER' band jinx!

XAVIER RUSSEL

BRAD GILLIS: of Night Ranger (and Ozzy)

pic by Ross Halfin

KILLER
'Wall of Sound' (Lark INL 3535 Import)

IF YOU thought that all Belgium was capable of producing musically was a stream of folkie/ethnic wimps, then this trio should make you think again. . . if, that is, you've got any brain cells left to think with after letting 'Wall Of Sound' rip through your stereo!

As you'd probably expect from the title, this is one album that owes nothing to the art of subtlety. Shorty (vocals/guitars), Spooky (vocals/bass) and Double Bear (drums) have doubtless never been near a music academy in their lives – the only bars they probably know anything about are the ones you prop up, or which prop you up between rounds of triple whiskies! And thank the lords of thunder for that, 'cos this LP is a real Rejects-style winner.

No, you won't get innovative or thoughtful musical compositions and arrangements here. Indeed, it all sounds as if the lads just went in and played the first thing that came into their heads – LOUDLY. And it's due to this very fact that 'Wall Of Sound' comes over as a spontaneous amalgam of refreshing power. Drawing inspiration from all the right people (Motorhead, early Priest and Maiden, the Rods etc), Killer have transferred onto vinyl a gormless, dumb and gloriously raw collection of eight songs that will have you headbanging until your neck muscles surrender in masochistic ecstacy – music to pierce crash-helmets and turn the Polar Cap into a Greek sauna.

'Battle Scars', 'Blinded', 'No Future', 'Bodies Or Bones', 'Hellbreaker' . . . the song titles say all that needs to be said. In the immortal words of Raven, this is a real 'Crash, Bang, Wallop' album just right for all those into leather 'n' chains, whips 'n' studs, platoon sof armour-plated guitars and batallions of drivin' rhythm, all topped off by a screaming loony of vocalist.

MALCOLM DOME

MESSENDGER
'Messendger'
Jab Records JabIII (Import)

PRONOUNCED MES-SEND-GER. What a wonderful name for this very tacky trio, who hail from, Tifton, southern Georgia! A southern boogie band, I hear you cry! Fraid not, no. Messendger are more along the lines of a poor man's Triumph.

Still they have supported Danny Joe Brown, who's supposedly rejoined Molly Hatchet.

Messendger are so bad they're good, if you know what I mean. This album sounds as if it was recorded thru a cement mixer, and I thought Angel Witch were the only band capable of mixing cement onto vinyl! Take the opener for example; Stranger's, which to be fair, is quite a powerful song (the best on the entire album in fact) but as soon as Brad Sayre, churns out his power chords, oh dear, it sounds as if he's only half plugged in. But I think I found the answer on the sleeve notes and I quote: *'Brad uses a style that cannot be duplicated* (they're right there), *playing intricate leads and powerful rhythms all without using a pick'* There's your answer, buy a pick mate!

And this is what they say about bass player Allen Poole: *'A one man show in himself, Allen fills up holes* (whats that suppose to mean?) *and plays notes that pin you to the wall!* Had enough or shall I go on? Ok: *'John Buchan is like a rock and roll drummer in heaven, his finesse can be seen and heard. The power of his beat will make you stop, look and listen, John sets the pace, you hang on.'* Too much eh? but the two ol'chestnuts that follow are even funnier, firstly 'Hang On Sloopy', a wimphem classic if ever there was one, which is promptly followed by the Gene Vincent toon, 'Be-Bob-A-Lula'. Russ Abbot couldn't have done it better!

The flipside contains three lengthy originals, would you believe, with 'Don't Look Back' (not the Boston song) being the pick of the bunch. Sabbath meets Rush. Brad Sayre lets his fingers do the talking, and for a change I can actually hear what he's playing. Now if only Messendger would let either Jack Douglas or Eddie Leonetti produce 'em, I might start to take this already doomed ER band seriously. Until then I'll just file this one under 'NOVELTY'.

XAVIER RUSSELL

FOGHAT –
'In The Mood For Something Rude'
(Bearsville 27747-1 – US import)

HELLO children. O happy day! Are you in the mood for something rude – and raunchy? You are?! Well Old Father Metal has a little story for you. Sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin:

"Once upon a time there was a little boy who liked his Rock hard. So keen was he on this pastime that he would often set out on expeditions, his napsack on his back, in search of undiscovered Rocks – gems you might call them! On one such outing he came across a rare gem, a gem of English descent but located in America, which was named Foghat. Having obtained an early example of said Rock, he was captivated by its excellence, especially as it was a member of one of his favourite Rock subdivisions – Boogie Rock.

Now the little boy grew up, but retained his affection for the Foghat gem. Each time a new example of the gem was unearthed, he would eagerly track it down, always to be impressed by its rare quality.

Recently however, the young guy heard of a new form of the Foghat gem which had just been found. Feeling in the mood for something rude – and raunchy, he set off with his napsack to track the Foghat down, expecting to be delighted once again. Oh how he was deceived, for the Foghat Rock had lost all the qualities which he had associated with it. Gone was the Boogie Rock, gone was any gem-like quality and in its place stood a worthless piece of mud – dull as ditchwater, claiming to be derived from an older, very worn gem by the name of Soul. Only one part of the whole was worth saving, christened 'And I Do Just What I Want' but the time and money spent to obtain the Rock was time most wasted."

What an interesting story. Let Old Father Metal warn you. Search out the older Foghat gems – they still sparkle like new, but beware of the latest fake Foghat Rock – it's deadly dull!

HOWARD JOHNSON

WRABIT –
'Tracks'
(MCA 205 049 – German import)

ARE YOU Gross enough? Saga, Reckless and now Wrabit have come under the influence of the headbangers affliction. I'm not talking about a Banksian style 'Lights Out' phenomenon – rather that all these outfits have called ont he services of Paul Gross to produce their records. Wise move it is too, for Gross is the best in the business when it comes to Pomp Rock prods! He displays it once again on 'Tracks', coaxing the best from each instrument and gelling them together to form that Gross sound in every sense as only he can!

No complaints on technicalities then. Lou Nadeau's vocals soar with a majesty which I have yet to find in a new British singer, while John Albani trades guitar licks fast and furious with keyboardist Gerald O'Brien. It's when I consider Wrabit's debut, 'Wrough And Wready' that the shortcomings on 'Tracks' become more apparent. Overall the songs are weaker here, falling into a pattern of faceless radio rock, and the two ballads featured, 'I'll Never Run Away' and 'Don't Stop Me Now' are so calculatingly constructed and so coldly delivered that it's hard to forgive the band their misdemeanours.

If this had been Wrabit's debut it would have been very satisfactory, but with 'Wrough And Wready' already available, it's something of a backward step – temporary I'm sure!

HOWARD JOHNSON

FORTNOX
Fortnox
(Epic ARE38204)

DESPITE the Gothic script and doomladen imagery of Fortnox, they're really nothing more than the acceptable (to US ears) face of US HM; they might fancy the idea of Black Sabbath on a shoestring (this is a three piece!), but they're not about to out-gross The Rods and sacrifice a slim chance of radio airplay. So instead they rope in the increasingly hip Chris Tsangarides to conjure up his characteristically muscular guitar sounds, but take great care to stick in poppy hooks and harmonies wherever they can.

To be quite honest, I can imagine my mum singing along to some of this, yet they appear to want to be harbingers of doom. Instead Rick Fowler, Nathan De Foor and Hole Shipp (not really – my promo copy's got a hole punched where his christian name should be!) proffer some fairly song – orientated powerchording with commecial hooks in abundance; they're not good enough to succeed in most cases, although 'Rockin' In America' does pass the limpet test (it's still stuck inside my head). Imagine the approach of Diamond Head with little of DH's dynamics and songwriting abilities and you're somewhere in the Fortnox area.

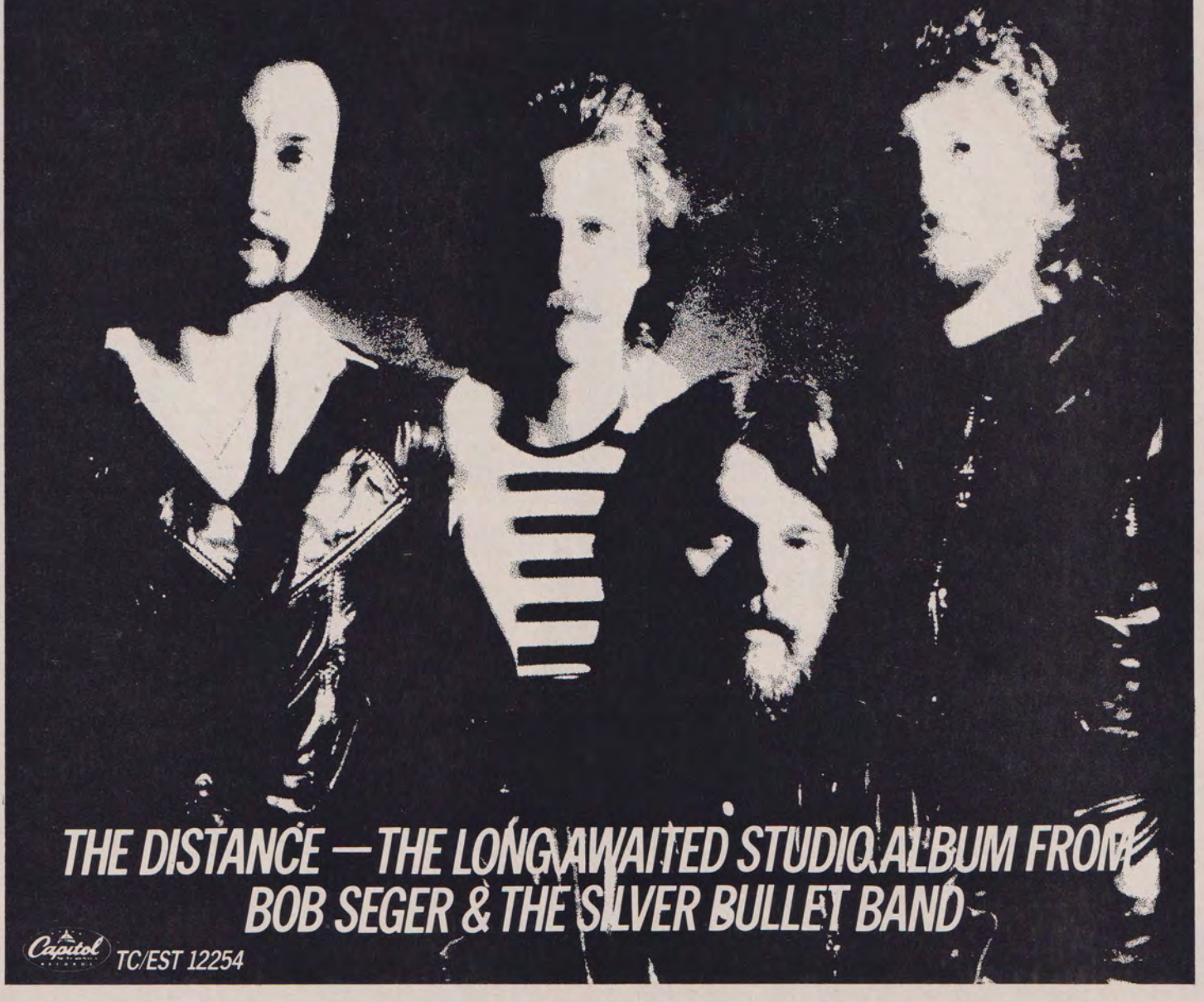
Musical highlights are few and far between thanks to the limiting effects of the three piece format, but the tumbling guitar on 'The Beast In Me' makes its point well, and the punctuated flow of 'Scratch The Surface' is quite pleasing too. Rick Fowler, the guitarist, obviously has a little taste and doesn't get too overbearing, but this album doesn't present much evidence of actual inspiration. Listen to it, but don't bother buying it unless you're absolutely *sure*.

PAUL SUTER

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band

NEW ALBUM AND CASSETTE

THE DISTANCE



THE DISTANCE — THE LONG AWAITED STUDIO ALBUM FROM BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND

Capitol TC/EST 12254

OUT TO CONQUER

It's either that or the end says Girlschool's Kim McAuliffe

THERE ARE some occasions (albeit rare ones) when a rock journalist must shelve his irresponsible tendency towards OTT language, curb the wilder side of the typewriter, and treat his subject with objective maturity. A case in point is the current situation with Girlschool.

Now, I've often been accused of having a very narrow-slanted tunnel vision when it comes to this band; of refusing to accept criticism directed against them; of being excessively protective towards the girls in print. And, to some extent, this is true.

However, no-one knows better than I that 1982 was a poor year for Girlschool, as far as the UK is concerned. For, whilst great strides were made on the international front, the British public seemed to spurn them. Admittedly, this was in a small way, but nonetheless in rock 'n' roll even treading water is tantamount to drowning!

The 'Wildlife EP' (to my mind, the best single/EP of the year) barely made any chart impact. The brilliant 'Screaming Blue Murder' album (personally, I regard it as the finest studio LP from a British heavy rock combo since 'Rainbow Rising') made an equally poor showing. The band's May/June British tour didn't sell nearly as well as it should have, and the replacement of founder-member/bassist Enid Williams by Gil Weston (which, in the long term was certainly a good move) proved a messy affair that lost the band if not the adulation of some fans, then at least their sympathy.

The upshot is that Girlschool are now at a vital crossroads in their career. 1983 is for the UK market, MAKE OR BREAK. Yet, as the band enters this most crucial period in their history, they do so with some major problems to overcome, which are serious enough, if left to fester, to suffocate them!

So, when I recently renewed acquaintance with Kim McAuliffe for the first time in nearly six months at a watering-hole just a few blocks down from the Girlschool management office, it was with a view to putting these problematic cards on the table and monitoring (and reporting) her response. Would Kim, (who I've always found to be the perceptive driving force behind Girlschool) accept these points as significant or merely dismiss them as journalistic sensation seeking? Read on, folks.

Let's start with the press. It has been said on a number of occasions that Girlschool have suffered from music paper over-exposure. My view is that the problem hasn't been so much 'over-exposure' as 'misdirection'. All too often, journalists have picked up on the girls' uncomplicated sense of endearing fun, without giving their musical talents fair coverage. Thus, the rock 'n' roll public are encouraged to see the band as nice, slightly scatty, silly girls who are no more than a passing fad – this week's flavour of the month. Because any act whose music is ignored in favour of image simply has nothing to fall back on when the inevitable backlash begins!

"Yeah, well, the press coverage helped us in the first place. But, I suppose you're right, not many people have ever talked about our music. Maybe, that's just as well! No, I'm only kidding. To be honest, I don't take much notice any more of what's written about us, and I wonder how much influence the press has over our popularity. We certainly don't care how we're seen in features, and I hope it doesn't affect our fans too much either. Still, on the other hand, you can't completely ignore the press. They will always have some influence."

Coupled to the media coverage is image. In their very early days, Girlschool were depicted in photos as a sleazy, back-alley bunch of swank tarts. But with a simplistic stroke of genius, the band's manager, Douglas Smith, changed all of that in 1979 by allowing the band to revert to their natural, bubbly, girls-next-door types.

Indeed, up until now, their lack of sexual exploitation has been an enormous strength. However, there now seems to be a move towards a slightly more glamorous image, not along 'dodgy boiler' lines but in the Americanised up-market mould. But, will British fans accept such an alteration?

"I don't think there will be any problem. You see, our change of image hasn't been deliberately forced on us, it's a natural thing. We now take more interest in what we wear and how we look. To be frank, we're tired of looking like rough old bags."

To this sensitive point is related the music. In the past the band has certainly been lumbered with ill-fitting producers – Vic Maile for both 'Demolition' and 'Hit & Run', followed by 'Screaming Blue Murder' with Nigel Gray. The fact these LPs turned out so well is down to the band's tremendous reservoir of talent rather than the productions (or non-productions!) they were given.

The decline in their fortunes recently dictates that now, more than ever before, they need a strong hit single followed by a powerful mass appeal album, à la Maiden's 'Run To The Hills'/'Number Of The Beast' successes. To achieve this, the band must have the guidance of an experienced, sympathetic studio collaborator. No-one is more aware of this than Kim:

"Our next album is gonna be a lot less rough 'n' ready. It'll be, er, more melodic. Not exactly like Foreigner, all slick and that, but in a similar style. We've done three albums of bash, bash, bash, and it's time to move on.

"The fourth LP has gotta be brilliant, about 10 million times better than 'Screaming Blue Murder'. And this time, we're determined to use a proper heavy rock producer, not get fobbed off with someone just 'cos they're cheap.
We've spent ages going through lists of possible producers and listening to their stuff. The guy we'd really like is Roger Glover. We all like his sound. What we'd hoped to do was work with him on a single a few months ago to see how things turned out. But, he was too busy touring Japan with Rainbow. The great thing is, we all get on so well with him, which is as important as musical taste when you've gotta work with someone. But whether or not he'll do it doesn't depend on us anymore. It's now down to his manager and our record company, Bronze, coming to an agreement over money. If he turns out to be too expensive, then I don't know who'll produce us. But I'm putting my foot down this time – we WILL work with a recognised heavy rock producer, come what may!"

Talk of Bronze brings me to the next problem in the life of Girlschool. Let me make it clear, I've nothing against the label. Personally, I've always found them courteous and efficient, and I'm quite certain of their commitment to Girlschool. However, I don't think they believe in them any more (there is a difference between commitment and belief). It's a case of the company setting certain sub-conscious 'goals' they felt could be reasonably achieved by the band. And now the girls have hit these targets, they don't have any faith in their potential to go further. It's something that's certainly filtered through to the band.

"Sometimes I wonder if Bronze have any interest in us any more. On occasions they seem like a bunch of twits up there. For example, they never released any of the tracks from the 'Screaming Blue Murder' set as singles, although lots of people said there were a few hit singles on there. And if your record company shows no interest in you, it doesn't exactly help. They also didn't seem to put any effort or enthusiasm into promoting the album either. That'll all change if we can get Roger Glover to produce the next one though, 'cos there'll be a clause written into the contract about promotion."

This dissatisfaction with Bronze (which does go deep) is arguably the band's most pressing problem – along with that resurgent beast called SEXISM. To a large extent Girlschool pushed the barriers of female acceptance in heavy rock back further than anyone else has ever managed. But, the emergence of Rock Goddess has ironically shown the conservative forces of Metal to still be intact. Too many people sadly have seen the rise of the latter as heralding the decline of the former.

"It's very narrow-minded to see us and Rock Goddess as being in competition. They're different to us anyway, but it's like saying there's only room for one Heavy Metal band in the world. That's plain silly. There's plenty of opportunity for two all-girl groups just as there is for loads of male ones. I think, whilst we're moving towards a more commercial sound, Rock Goddess will move in and pick up the straight-ahead heavy fans. But let me stress – we are NOT in competition."

And, lest anyone forget, Girlschool could have squashed Rock Goddess at birth. But, they didn't. On the contrary, it was Kelly Johnson in June of 1980 who first railed me into checking out Jody, Julie, and Tracey. Moreover, the Goddess have never had a bad word to say about Girlschool. So, the sooner all this nonsense about intense rivalry ends the better for all concerned.

"We've definitely got a lot of work to do to get back our lost ground. But making it in Britain means so much more than anywhere else in the world – this is our home. We'll work as hard as is necessary to be successful again. But, I suppose the next year will be make or break for us here. If we can come up with the goods then we should return better and bigger than ever. If not ... I guess that might be the end!"

MALCOLM DOME

pic by Ray Palmer

STRIKTLY FOR KON

FOR THE first time this column lives up to its name! While none of the five albums reviewed here, have been released commercially, and you're not going to see them in your high street shop, you should be able to find them in specialist stores. The Record And Tape Exchange chain occasionally carries live promos and record stalls in markets are an obvious place to check out. Happy hunting, and don't forget to scrounge a couple of extra quid off mum, as this type of record doesn't come cheap.

AC/DC
'Live From The Atlantic Studios'
(LAAS 001)
Recorded in December '77 at the Atlantic Studios in New York, this still remains AC/DC's finest offering to date – far superior to the official live album. How many copies of this gem are still floating around is hard to say, but it can't be many as I recently saw a copy go for £40.

The main difference between 'Live From The Atlantic Stufios' and 'If You Want Blood' is Bon Scott. He'd obviously had a few beers before recording 'LFTAS' and the audience being distinctly on the small side, around 50 or so crammed into the studio, this is very much a trip down memory lane (remember when AC/DC used to play the Red Cow?) The majority of cuts on the album run a lot longer than normal with Angus virtually taking over the show and turning every song into a boogie workout – triffic stuff!

The LP kicks off in grand style; good ol'Bon doing a nice line in Paul Hogan banter; "Can I have your attention please. We're now on air and we'd like your participation; here's a song for ya called 'Live Wire', and from here on in the lads can do no wrong. Next up is 'Problem Child' ("this one's all about Angus"), followed by the excellent, 'high voltage', and if the tennis racquet is still in the cupboard by this point you need psychiatric care.

Then Bon comes out with a line that would do Woody Allen proud: "You all come from New York City, is that not true, then this one's for you; 'Hell Ain't A Bad Place To Be'," (couldn't agree more Bon). Side one runs for 25 mins 35 secs, longer than average, and the flip is almost as long clocking in at 20 mins 11 secs. When you consider that there's only three cuts on side two, 'The Jack', 'Whole Lotta Rosie' and 'The Rocker', thats just gotta be value for money.

DAVID WERNER
'David Werner Live'
(Epic AS690)
Whatever happened to David Werner? Same old story, I'm afraid. Right artiste, right time, wrong place; pity cos our David is a *true* artiste who deserves better than being consigned to cut-out bins round the country. I recall a colleague raving about DW so much so that I dashed outr to buy the studio LP and was immediately impressed, a delightful selection of AOR mayhem, reeking of good, ol' David Bowie gone HM.

Side one of 'DWL' was recorded in 'The Whiskey' LA on October 3 1979. Three cuts were culled from the original album, released incidentally in the same year '79, these being 'What Do You Need To Love', 'Can't Imagine' and 'Every New Romance', though there are two other numbers, 'Death Of Me Yet' and 'Aggravation Non Stop' that do not appear on the studio album.

Side two, meanwhile, is a total piss-take, a tribute to WBCN 104FM, which is a Boston-based radio station. If you've never heard any yankee radio then this album's worth buying just for this side. Everything you did, or did not want to hear, is condensed into a totally over-the-top eight minutes worth of garbage, ending with a studio cut 'Too Late To Cry', from the 'DW' album. A worthy addition to the 'Konnoisseurs' collection.

MOLLY HATCHET
'Molly Hatchet Live'
(Epic AS528)
Originally released as a deluxe, special collectors' boxed set, containing two copies of a five-track live album and a copy of the first Hatchet studio LP, this has gotta be one of my prized gems, and my collection boasts some pretty obscure stuff.

I still think Hatchet are the finest Southern band currently doing the rounds. I caught them at a 'Day On The Green' a couple of years ago and, on the evidence of that performance, I can safely say that *no* Confederate band comes close to these chicken-gitar-scratchin-wild-eyed-Southern-boys live, and that includes both Blackfoot and the Godfathers Lynyrd Skynyrd. There was a recent rumour that the MH's had split up, but I'm pleased to report that they're still very much alive. Not only have they managed to get old singer Danny Joe Brown back to replace the overweight Jimmy Farrar, but they've also given Bruce Crump the elbow and brought in Mothers Finest skinsman, B.B. Queen. It should prove an interesting combination, both outfits being based in Atlanta, after all.

The five live tracks were recorded at the Capitol Theatre, Passaic, New Jersey, by Tony Reale and hearing the likes of 'Bounty Hunter' and 'Gator Country' performed in the flesh it's surprising to find that Epic still haven't released a live Hatchet album. The other three live toons are 'Big Apple', 'Dreams I'll Never See' and 'Trust An Old Friend', and you can trust me, this is a classic well worth chasing.

STARZ
'Starz Live At The Municipal Auditorium, Louisville, March 30, 1978, Superstars Radio Network Presents.'
(Capitol, 8857/8858)
What is there left to say about Starz that hasn't been said already. Two of their earlier albums have already appeared in this very colum, and what with the Hellcats destined to become megastars next year (and what's this I hear about the Brendan Harkin / Joe X. Dube band?) its all systems go on the Starz front, or as Commander Shaw used to say: 'anything can happen in the next half hour'. In the case of this live offering, however, make that 46 mins or so – of pure magic!

Much as I loved the Starz studio albums, the killer punch was always lacking. For the most part they suffered from shoddy production, which is why 'SLATMA' is a must. All your Starz favourites sound so much better live, with 'She', 'Rock Six Times' and 'Subway Terror' simply wizzing by thanks to the fine axe work of messrs Ranno and Harkin. But the real star of this bunch is frontman Michael Lee Smith – a great voice and even better raps: "Hello Louisville. All you girls out there listen. The other night when we first got to town this girl said Kentucky women are just like Kentucky race horses, they're real, real fast. But I tell you what, last night back at the hotel we had ourselves a Kentucky derby!" Almost Max Miller material ...

The best moment on the album, however, comes midway through 'Waiting For You', when our Michael shouts; 'Now you're gonna hear every famous guitar riff ever recorded'. Well, I can count three – 'You Really Got Me', 'Satisfaction' and 'Pretty Woman' – which led cleverly into 'Coliseum Rock', boasting one of the heaviest riffs ever committed to vinyl. Perhaps the greatest unofficial live album of all time.

INOISSEURS

You'll have to hunt around for this lot!

REO SPEEDWAGON
'Live Again'
(Epic AS 410)

I still can't figure why Epic put this one out so soon after the official live album. That was released in '77, this one in mid-78, just before 'You Can Tune A Piano But You Can't Tuna Fish' hit the streets. The clue is on the cover – no Gregg Philbin and standing in his place new bass player Bruce Hall.

As with the AC/DC album, 'Live Again', was recorded before a live audience in a small recording studio, K-WEST in Los Angeles being the lucky victims this time. But is it as good as, 'REO Live, You Get What You Play For', I hear you cry.

Well, personally, I prefer 'Live Again', mainly because it hasn't been mixed down but left very raw and is thus a true representation of how REO sound live.

All the tracks featured here are in pretty much the same order as on sides two and three of the official live unit, Kevin Cronin's raps being the only difference. My sole complaint is that it shoulda been a double.

XAVIER RUSSELL

STARZ: greatest unofficial live album of all time! (See also page 23)

AEROSMITH

from page 9

ready to do one of the basic tracks for the new album in New York and he just called from the airport in Boston saying he wasn't coming – period."

Tyler: "Again it was due to outside influences. I'm not gonna say what but I'm sure you're reading things into this (*what I'm reading into this and the Perry situation is the female influence, but remember I said that.)* It's hard for me to believe that they can let other people run their lives."

Do you think the band's long absence from the scene was a healthy thing?

Tyler: "Oh yeah, to sit back and take a look around is real good for a group, especially one that went to the magnitude we did. We played so many places in the US it was overkill – when I had my accident (he lost a heel while riding a bike wearing moccasins) we were on the road for eight to nine months at a time hitting all the biggest places. It's only us, Presley and The Who who've sold out Pontiac Stadium (Detroit), we were doing such gigundo gigs it was ridiculous."

Was there ever a point over the past three years when Aerosmith ceased to exist?

Tyler: "No, never. Even when I was hospitalisedd the band were still rehearsing and sending me up cassettes and I would play them on my *Sony* by the bed with the nurses telling me to turn that shit off."

How was 'Rock In A Hard Place' been received by the US media?

Hamilton: "Well, surprisingly so . . ."

Tyler: "Yeah, it's starting to worry me. We were always a band that got shit reviews and were never played on the radio."

Why do you think there's been this change of heart?

Tyler: "Well, I guess since we left therehasn't really been any good rock'n'roll. We've been missed. I don't want to get big-headed about it but I love a good rock'n'roll show, y'know with people getting up and kicking ass, and I'm not talking about Heavy Metal where everyone drivels and drools when they're playing E-minor."

So you wouldn't define Aerosmith as a HM band then?

Tyler: "No, I think our musicis more rock'n'roll. But heavy and aggressive like it should be."

What's the band's financial position at the moment?

"We're commiting most of what we earn to the stage set, a video for 'Lightning Strikes' we've already done and another video we intend to do using a new kind of 3-D system that some big Hollywood studios have put millions of dollars into. From what Steven tells me, you just sit there and things come out of the screen at you."

Tyler: "And you have to duck! . . . The offer that we're getting on this 3-D is that it will go with a trailer for *Jaws 111* which should be out in the summer."

Hamilton: "And supposedly the next *'Star Wars'* movie will use this system."

Tyler: "Let me tell you, the movies are never gonna be the same again. It's unreal!"

There seemed to be a feeling that you weren't overly concerned with Britain and British audiences when you toured here in '76. Is that fair comment?

Hamilton: "Playing England was a lot like when we first started in New York because both places have been hearing the best for years and they're not easily impressed. A lot of our style is patterned after English bands, when we went there, we felt resistance from the audiences and the press. I don't know, maybe we didn't smile enough."

Surprise, surprise, Aerosmith do care about this country. Very much so, in fact. If I were you I'd forget about the '76 UK tour and the notorious 65-minute Hammersmith set and recall instead the band's performance the following year at The Reading Festival, an altogether happier showing, or better still look forward to late summer/early winter next year when, after probable visits to Australia and Japan, Aerosmith hope to return to these shores, perhaps slotting in a second Reading appearance.

"That place was crazy, it was a sea of people," recollects Tyler, road manager Joe Baptista entering with the news that it's now three o'clock and as we've all got planes to catch the next day wouldn't it be a good idea, etc. . . There's just time for a last question, the one I've always wanted to ask. Where the hell did they find the Aerosmith name?

"It was the name of a band Joey was in," says Hamilton. "They rehearsed in a Yonkers basement but they never played."

"It's really just a name," adds Tyler. "We sat around for months coming up with different ideas. We were The Hookers for a while, then Spike Jones, we had a shit load of names but nothing made sense. If you're The Hookers you should come out looking like whores, y'know. So when we came across Aerosmith it was great – it doesn't mean a thing!"

It has connotations, though, and it's now associated with a certain look . . .

"Oh yeah, Perry has an Aerosmith face and so does he (Dufay) and this guy here (Crespo). In fact, the first time I saw Jimmy, I said: 'Shit, there's a guy who should be in Aerosmith!' "

"Don't tell my mother I've got an Aerosmith face, will you," says Dufay, clearly concerned. He should worry. He might have ended up in The Hookers. . .

X-RATED PICT

URE!

Malcolm Dome (words) and Ray Palmer (pix) go Dutch with Holland heavies PICTURE

IT COULD only happen in bleedin' cloggie-land! Fancy any budding brood of bludgeoning barbarians calling themselves . . . PICTURE!! I mean, squire, that monicker makes this lot sound like a bunch of simpering, wimpering wets and about as heavy as a featherbed in zero gravity conditions.

Well, at least that was my *first* reaction when someone thrust a Dutch import copy of an LP called 'Diamond Dreamer' into my miserly mits. I felt about as inclined to play it as Lemmy would to go 'on the wagon'. Still, it did have a couple of superficial plus points. One was the cover, featuring a sassy, bedenimed blonde – the sort of 'lady evil' you wouldn't mind grinding her six-inch stilettos into your nostrils! The other was that the album had as co-producer one Pete 'mine's a gallon' Hinton, a respected, bespectacled name in Metal circles.

So, onto the turntable went 'DD', and . . . FERNNEEEEEEE-UUUUURRGGHHH!! Talk about giving it some welly, Jerry. This lacerating long-player proved to be a right royal blare-dare, with a crunch in every munch that sent a thudding flood of blood smashing against the ear-drums.

'Diamond Dreamer', 'The Hangman', 'Lousy Lady', 'Lightning Lady' – yep, these and the other six tracks present provide for an overall crash-chord concerto that brought back tearaway memories of 'Wheels Of Steel', 'Lovedrive', and 'Restless And Wild'. There's gold in them thar gallopingly gonzoid grooves – the sort of straight-ahead, up-and-over maxi-metal that singes the body electric and burns out every goddam valve in the windmill of your mind.

And, it's obvious there's a vast clutch of HM freaks with similar views across the UK, 'cos 'DD' (remember, still only available on import) has been clambering up the Heavy Metal charts for some little while now. So, it was recently decided in the hallowed portals of *Kerrang's* Covent Garden fortress that the time had come to 'paint' the Picture portrait in print.

However, as the band have yet to step onto these mighty shores, an on-going Mohammed/Mountain scenario

continues over

was at hand (NB. this M/M case refers back to a supposedly classic escapade 2000 years ago when the former, an Iranian rock journalist, tried for months to track down and interview the original line-up of the latter!!!)

Hence, photographer Ray Palmer and yours semi-truly found ourselves in the cargo hold (well, almost) of a British Airways kite (engine optional!), on a wintery, windy, Monday morning at Heathrow, sharing memories of 'Airplane' with assorted businessmen, American tourists ("I jurst lurv your accent, honneeee!"), and Dutch seamen. Mind you, it could have been worse – we might have been given the office log plus a few back issues of *Kerrang!* to use as paddles, and told to row across the North Sea!!

And thus, as if by some technological sleight of hand, barely an hour after leaving the sold and wet climes of London, it was a case of: "on behalf of Captain Durr, may I say how much of a pleasure it's been having you aboard" from the stewardess, as our less-than-executive jet plummeted earthwards into the (yes, you've guessed it) cold and wet climate of Amsterdam's Schipol Airport.

A quick hop, skip, and tip-toe through customs left your intrepid flying aces free to search out Picture manager Henk van Antwerpen (a real "you'll recognise him from the white rose in his teeth and the sawn-off wooden leg" situation). And, after a suitable exchange of greetings (you know, "How was the flight?", "What's the weather like in England?", "I was expecting *proper* journalists, not a couple of jokers"), we were whisked off at moderate speed to the band's base in the picturesque (aaaarrgh!) town of Hilversum.

Like most of the Netherlands, Hilversum proved to be a clean, neat, tidy place – doubtless, Milton, Shelley or Howard Johnson would have waxed lyrical about it's 'tranquility', 'serenity', or 'horny women rating' – and situated just beyond the centre of this surprisingly active town (about the size of, say, Ipswich) is the Wisserloord set-up.

Owned by the Polygram Records empire, it consists of spacious offices decorated with gold discs, an impressively modern recording studio (used in recent times by the like of Quo and ELO), a well-stocked restaurant and a genuine non-working British Telecom telephone box, obviously flown in to make Palmer and myself feel at home!

The strange thing about this hive of rock 'n' roll big league action is that it's been hewn out of acres of beautiful forest-land, *without* destroying the environmental integrity of the surrounds – a true case of modern technology and nature co-existing in harmony.

But, enough of this greenbelt twittering, you wanna know about the band, *n'est-ce pas?* Well, in contrast to the frugal humility of most Dutch people, this quintet (thank heaven) proved to be a right rare bundle of loveable loonies.

For a kick-off, during an intense two hour photo session, they managed to anger a director of Phonogram by larking about on his push-bike, consume about 70 crates of bottled *Heineken,* smoke their way through 100 packets of Marlboro, pour tomato ketchup all over the floor in a real blood-letting exercise and then top all that off by tying 'Snake-hips' Palmer to a passing pillar!

All of which meant that by the time vocalist Shmoulik Avigal, guitarists Jan Bechtum and Chriz van Jaarsfeld, bassist Rinus Vreugdenhil and drummer Laurens 'Bakky' Bakker, were corraled into an 'interview situation' none of 'em was in a fit state to talk seriously about the band.

Still, at least their command of English was fair, so some semblance of sense did eventually vomit forth from certain of these Netherlands nutters. What follows, then, is a combination of their more printable quotes plus info gleaned from other sources about their past.

The story really began in the Autumn of 1979, when the ryhthm section of Vreugdenhil and Bakker decided to form a hard rockin' band because, in the immortal words of the latter, "normally we had to pay for our drinks. But when we are in a band, we knew we could get a contract that stated we were entitled to FREE DRINKS!"

So, the gormless duo teamed up with original vocalist Ronald van Prooien plus the aforementioned Bechtum in search of alcohol. "It was really terrible in the beginning," quipped the half-drunk, totally-crazed Bakker. "Jan was a good guy, but couldn't play guitar at all. Within a couple of months, though, we made him into a very good musician. Now, he's better than Blackmore."

Are you keeping up with this nonsense? Anyway, after a very short time, Picture were discovered by Henk van Antwerpen, a man whose managerial pedigree included work with semi-successful Dutch new wavers the Nits (never really up to scratch on the international circuit, one might say!)

"Henk was one of the biggest problems in Holland," asserted Bakker. "Since we're a bunch of trouble-makers and he is one also, it was a perfect match. He's not really up to much as a manager. But since he is smoking . . . we are smoking . . . and we like the brand he buys, Henk does have his uses. Look at the money he saves us on fags – we always nick his!"

With van Antwerpen on the case, the band were rapidly snapped up by WEA Records in Holland. However this union was never consummated vinyl-wise and the band soon split with the label. "They wanted us to sound like Kiss and become really commercial, even do a modern version of 'Chirpy, Chirpy, Cheap, Cheap', you know," explained Bechtum.

Undaunted by such an experience, Picture were soon back in the frame with Back Door Records (a subsidiary of Phonogram in Holland). This deal led to the band, still in their original quartet format, recording two LPs in 1981, viz 'Picture I' and 'Heavy Metal Ears'.

Now, neither album can really be classed as outstanding. Indeed, both have as much appeal as, say, Krokus in their pre- 'Metal Rendezvous' days. In other words, perfect bargain-bin fodder. However, the lads did manage to garner a surprisingly large following not only in Holland (where they've supported the likes of Saxon, Ted Nugent, April Wine and AC/DC on major tours) but also in Italy, Germany, and Mexico.

"In Mexico, particularly, they go mad for us," revealed Bechtum in all seriousness. "Kiss are the most popular band there, followed by Black Sabbath – and then comes Picture."

On top of that, the band were last year voted the top domestic act in two of the leading rock magazines in Holland – a positive pointer that al last *true* heavy rock is beginning to make a home-produced impact onthe docile Dutch.

"We are the first *really* heavy band to come from Holland," boasted Bakker with good reason. "Golden Earring and their like are very good people, but they've never been HM, more just pop/rock. We have been fortunate enough to get the support of the rock press in Holland and to have built up a good number of fans. But, there's a long way for us to go yet. Neither the radio stations nor the television people want to know about heavy music at the moment."

"To some extent, we're in the same position now as the Scorpions were originally in Germany," continued Avigal. "It was only after they made it in England that they were accepted at home. I think to make it BIG in Holland, Picture is first of all gonna have to build an international reputation."

All the signs are currently pointing towards Picture being able to do just that. And, as I've already said, much of this is due to the undoubted dynamism of 'Diamond Dreamer'.

With Avigal being railed in for the departed van Prooien (a vital change as the former is a top-class Dio-like hard rock singer, in a different league to his predecessor), 'DD' could (in the potentially prophetic words of Bechtum) prove to be "as important for us as 'In Rock' was for Deep Purple."

Already the LP has established Picture as the premier heavy band in Holland, ahead of pretenders such as Vandenberg, and provided them with the possibility of true global clout. Certainly the drafting in of Peter Hinton to co-produce the 'Diamond . . .' sessions with local lad Ton van der Bremen (who was responsible for the sound on the first brace of Picture LPs) has drawn forth richly melodic and fruitfully powerhouse performances scarcely hinted at before.

"We got on swell with Pete, he's such a colourful character," laughed Avigal. "We only had 10 days to work on the songs in the studio, and considering all of that, it came out very well. Hopefully, the next album will be even better.

"But, whether or not we'll still be with Phonogram in Holland by then is doubtful. As far as hard rock bands go, they've done very well in promoting us. But we're an ambitious group, and we don't think the company can really help us to make it in the wider context."

Yet, if their Dutch label situation is a little murky, one thing is for certain – 'Diamond Dreamer' will get a long-overdue UK release next month on Carrere, and the band hope to follow this up with a support slot on the upcoming Motorhead UK tour.

"We're looking forward to playing England," admitted Avigal with obvious relish. "Our music is basically English. Our influences are the heroes we gre up with – Hendrix, Purple and Zeppelin. So the best place for us to go *is* England."

Ever wonder what happened to Starz?

Here's a conundrum for ya! When do superstars fail to make it big in the world of rock 'n' roll? When the guys are members of that super New York five-piece Starz, of course. A band tipped for big, BIG things by the all-knowing critical ball-points of many a respected rock critic, but which fell apart in the year of 1979. Not a peep was heard of any of Starz' members – until earlier this year that is . . .

Enter Hellcats, a new four-piece signed to the American Indie Radio Records and distributed through Atlantic. It was decidedly delighting to find two ex-Starz persons, guitarist Richie Ranno and vocalist par excellence Michael Lee Smith, nestling within the 'Cats' ranks and, in view of the quality of Starz' output on those almighty albums 'Violation' and 'Coliseum Rock', it was hardly surprising to find Hellcats' first five-track mini LP was a gloriously rowdy selection of hard rock toons. Individual – yes, heavy – but tuneful. That goes without saying!

Ranno and Smith are the hard core (more or these two words later!) of Hellcats, just as they were with Starz. But the band have more to offer through Peter Scance's expressive bass play and Doug Madick's highly competent drum backbeat. Numbers such as 'Rock & Roll Man' and 'Auto Erotica' provide ample proof that the four have gelled remarkably well. There's no hanging about here. Hellcats are taking up where Starz left off.

"That's exactly how we're viewing Hellcats," states Ranno, "because it wasn't really musical problems that instigated the Starz split. At the time we wanted out of our record and also our management deals but the management kept us in a stranglehold and would'nt relent, which meant we were kept in limbo. The pressure of living and also keeping a band going with its hands tied behind its back became too much, so the only thing we could do was split. It was a real pity because we did pretty well in Starz – another two albums and I reckon we could have broken."

That, of course, was not to be and the band went their separate ways.

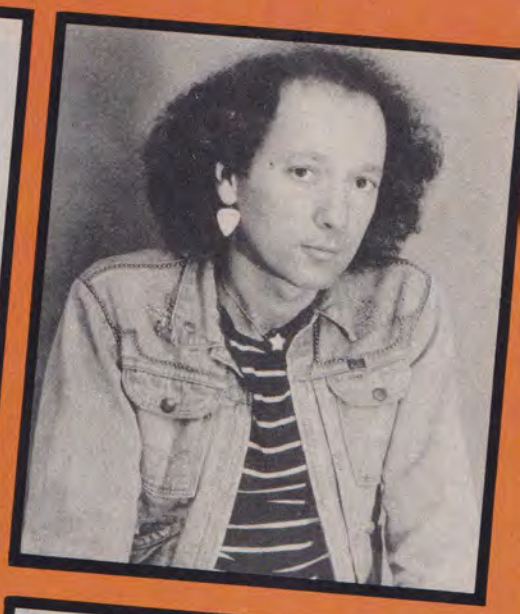
"Michael stayed out in California where we'd been working and got involved with various bar bands, one of which included Doug. I went back to New York and formed a band by the name of Hard Core (see what I was getting at?!) With Peter and Dube, the drummer who played in Starz. That was a good band too, but the longer it went on the more we could see that we weren't really going to get anywhere.

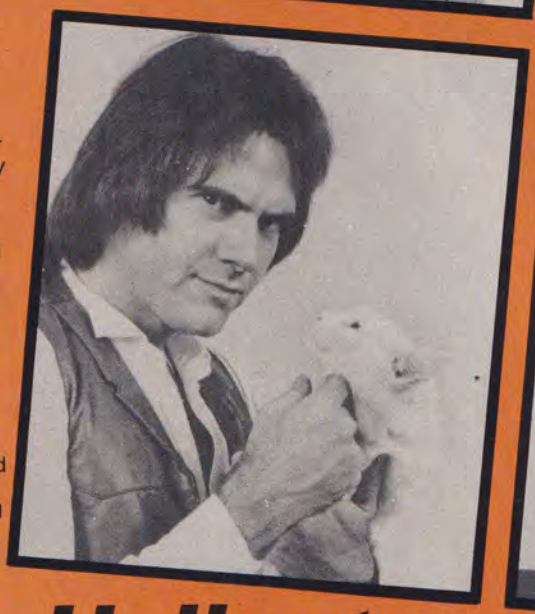
"The next plan we had was to re-form Starz, because after the split we had a constant flow of letters from fans of the band asking us to get back together. Dube, Brendon Hrkin, Orville Davis, Michael and myself gave it a go but we had the same problems that Hard Core had experienced and again things fell through."

Persistent buggers that these guys are, they decided to give it another shot with Hellcats and this third time, everything fell into place.

"It's a strange situation that we're in now, because on paper you'd think this would be the hardest band to keep together. Mike and Doug still live in California whereas Peter and myself are based in New York, which is different to say the least.

"There are good and bad aspects of this distance, though. On the one hand, it means we don't see enough of each other to fall out, but on the other it means we don't really get the opportunity to play together enough. We have to play in bursts, but that'll be rectified soon because we're going to start some heavy touring in the New York, New Jersey and Connecticut areas.





Hellcats: restless underwear!

This touring schedule has, of course, been organised to promote the first Hellcats product. It strikes me as rather strange that it should be no more than a five-track mini album, judging from the high quality of all the featured songs, ranging from the fiery, up-front rock 'n' roll of 'It's Alright' to the smooth, polished, even funky 'Auto Erotica'. Was it, as I would guess, lack of finance that dictated the relatively short playing time?

"That's right. We recorded the songs at the Record Plant before we had a deal proper. We had what is known as a 'Spec. deal' whereby we took on the expense of recording knowing that the label was very close to signing us. It was an act of faith on our behalf and proof to Radio that we could deliver."

Creative juices are apparently oozing out of every Hellcat pore (paw?) and new numbers are being written all the time and at great speed. . .

"We don't decide on our set for the evening until the very last minute because we have so many songs to choose from. We have well over an album's worth oof unrecorded numbers that are real killers. We do retain some of our Starz heritage, though, with our opening number, 'The Take Me Intro. Song', which features some guitar parts from the Starz tune 'Take Me'. That aside, we have numbers whose titles should show you what we're about.

"We perform an anthemic kinda tune called 'Sludge Rock/We Are The Hellcats' and then we include the likes of 'Dreamin' My Life Away', 'Miss You Tonight' and 'REstless Underwear' (which has got to be one of the best titles since 'Wang Dang Sweet Poontang'!). We've stuck to our roots – we're still pretty gross!!"

'You got your mind on something,
You wish your hands were there,
'Cos you never, never ever seen,
Such a perfect pair!' (from 'It's Alright').

Yeah, Hellcats pass the *Kerrang!* 'Are You Gross Enough?' quiz with flying colours. Bet you can't wait for live shows – I certainly can't!

The band are desperately keen to play in the UK, especially if they can get a licensing deal for their next release, a single of 'Auto Erotica' backed with a live version of 'Rock And Roll Man'. They'd like to do some kind of co-headlining club tour, and you'd be crazy to miss 'em if they come. After all, they're born again super Starz, right?

HOWARD JOHNSON

PAT BENATAR

Kerrang! Female Vocalist Of The Year

pic by Laura Levine

pix by Laura Levine

Benatar's crunch bar!

"IT'S GREAT! Uh . . . what can I say, except it's really great!!!"

Even the crackly, bacon 'n' eggs, transatlantic line which connected the Big Apple to the home of smaller apples – Covent Garden, couldn't dampen the enthusiastic response of Pat Benatar who was literally left almost speechless at the news of winning the **Kerrang!** top female vocalist award for the second year running.

I spoke to the lady a matter of days before she was about to embark on a tour of Europe which comes after a successful sell out US tour which culminated with her first headline performance at the prestigious Madison Square Gardens.

With the latest album 'Get Nervous' and single 'Shadows Of The Night' flying high in the charts Benatar seems to be going from strength to strength which is more than I can say about her musical direction.

With her first two stunning albums and some killer live shows, Pat paved the way, and was almost the sacrificial lamb, for the dozens of ladies in rock who have appeared since. People like Tane Caine and suchlike who thrive between the true rock thrash of tomcats like Chrissie Hynde and pure syrup of Oliva Newton John, the new breed who now dominate the AOR circuit.

But sadly as Pat's following has expanded she seems to have fallen into a succession of self created pitfalls, displaying acute bouts of insecurity and having an almost schizophrenic attitude towards her musical aspirations. Benatar has always stood on the shakey ground between rock and roll and cabaret and now judging from the few restrained comments she made in our short conversation I feel we could have lost her to the realms of wimpdom – although the stage appearance at the Hammy Odeon will be the final confirmation.

"Our show now", she revealed, "is much closer to the album. We still do some of the dinosaur HM although overall there's a lot less headbanging."

Not the sort of thing Kerrang readers want to hear!

I asked her how she felt about the album which overall I felt was a bit of a let down after the impressive 'Promises In The Dark'.

"I like the album a lot, unfortunately I didn't have enough time and circumstances didn't permit me to write much material. But I think the album's a lot of fun, it's more dancable than the rest, not so much crunch rock."

Crunch rock! Jesus. . .

The title, although basically tongue in cheek, reflects a period which Benatar herself describes as being 'fucked up'.

It saw the group go under a lot of pressure due to rigorous touring schedules and almost marked the end of a relationship between Benatar and her ol' man guitarist Neal 'Spider' Geraldo. The couple are now happily married and the only reminder of that torturous time is the departure of rivvum guitarist Scott St Sheets who has been replaced by Charlie, a keyboard player snatched from the ex Doll David Johansens band.

"Scott wanted more involvement than the situation would allow", Benatar said ominously, "and we had been planning to add keyboards for quite a while. It's worked out really well."

One of Benatar's ambitions at the moment is to record an EP of rock and roll standards under a psuedonym, although she's putting aside any prospective projects, TV scripts, film offers etc, etc in favour of another ambition yet unfulfilled. "I really want to have a baby, that's the next thing on the agenda."

I suggested that she kept on practising.

"Oh no, I've done enough practising, I've got that part down to a tee", she chuckled away merrily.

PETE MAKOWSKI

SINGLES!

reviewed by XAVIER RUSSELL

ANVIL CHORUS: 'Blondes In Black'/'Once Again' (Leviathan Records)

I was lucky enough to see Anvil Chorus headline a 'Metal Monday' in San Francisco recently, and I can safely say they're up there with the best of the NWOSFHM' bands. It makes a welcome change to hear a US outfit churning out an original sound and not simply ripping off Van Halen and Co.

This double A-side single is a worthy purchase for the konnoisseur as both 'Blondes In Black' and 'Once Again' are fine songs, redolent of Rush and Saga crossed. And hats off to Doug Peircy and Thaen Rassmussen who are a fine pair of axemen, not forgetting Aaron Zimpel whose voice has to be heard to be belived!

GREGG PARKER: 'Let's Stay Together' (Empire Records)

Remember 'Ozz (no, not Ozzy) who realeased a fine album, 'No Prisoners', on Epic a couple of years back? Well, those of you that missed out may like to know that their one and only album reeked of Led Zeppelin, and the axe work of Gregg Parker scored a well deserved 10 out of 10 for cloning Jimmy Page.

Ozz may now be deceased, but Parker is still going strong, never out of work and doing a lot of sessions. This single is culled from the 'Future Perfect Video' and, while 'Let's Stay Together' is slightly too funky for these ears, the B-side, 'Future Perfect' is a fine instrumental with Gregg getting the chance to show off his guitar playing to the full.

OZZY OSBOURNE: 'Sympton Of The Universe'/'Iron Man'/'Children Of The Grave' (Jet Records)

For some mad reason, I've always had a soft spot for Ozzy, but like most British fans I was more than a little pissed off when he cancelled his tour here last year. He was supposed to be taking a 'rest', but I soon found out he was doing Christmas shows in Los Angeles and San Francisco. And then to go and record all yer Sabbath favourites for a live album; that was taking the Michael a bit too far, surely, especially when you consider that the Sabs themselves are releasing their own live double soon.

Still, having said all that, it's nice to hear Sabbath songs given a new lease of life for which thanks must go to Tommy Aldridge, now drumming with Hughes/Thrall, and Brad Gillis, who I reckon is even better than the late Randy Rhoads. I mean, just lend an ear to 'Children Of The Grave'; not only does Brad play the original riff, but he manages to bung in a new one at the same time!

The 12 inch release also features a version of 'Iron Man', while the 7 inch pic disc has a fine rendition of 'Nib'.

ANVIL CHORUS: a nice pair of axeman

LE GRIFFE: 'Fast Bikes' (Distribution through Neon/Bullet Records)

Not bad for a bunch of Frogs, Fast boogie similar to blighty's own Spider, the only difference being Le Griffe don't rip-off Status Quid quite as much. 'Fast Bikes' rocks along at a nice pace, and at least Le Griffe have the decency to sing in English. In fact they bring it off quite well, unlike Trust, who just croak.

MENDES PREY: 'On To The Borderline' (M.P Records)

It's a pity Mendes Prey chose 'On To The Borderline' for side-A, as the B-side, 'Running For You', is a much stronger toon, not dissimilar to Maiden. The guitar work of messers Steve Holt and Mark Sutcliffe is surprisingly good, one riffs while the other plays impressive solo's, and the lyrics ain't bad either. I wonder what they're like live . . .

NAZARETH: 'Games' (Nems)

Remember when Nazareth supported Deep Purple at the Rainbow way back in '73, and the excellent 'Razamanaz' had just come out? I really had high hopes for these boys then. But sadly, as the years have wizzed by, Nazareth's popularity has dwindled – I remember seeing them on their last tour here at the Hammy Odeon and the place was under half full.

This new single is a real wimp-out, definitely not the Nazareth I use to know and like. Clearly it's aimed at the American market, where they're still fairly popular.

AUGUST REDMOON: 'Fools Are Never Alone' (Metalworks Records)

Yet another tacky masterpiece from an LA copy band. August Redmoon (doncha just luv the name?) seem to draw inspiration from early Rush, throwing in a little something of their own. It's a blend that makes this five-track EP a must – no holds barred. OTT Metal and fairly catchy too. My own personal faves are 'Bump In The Night' (even the 'oohs' are in the right place), 'We Know What You Want', which boasts a catchy riff. One for the Metal charts.

RIOT: 'Riot Live' (Elektra 0-67969 A – Import).

Up until the arrival of this live six-track EP, I'd always found Riot poor live but excellent on wax. Guy Speranza was to blame methinks, though I much preferred his style of singing to that of new lad Rhett Forrester. You see folks, Guy just couldn't cut it live while the 'orrible looking RF seems to have injected some new energy into the band.

Five of the six tracks have been culled from Riot's most recent album 'Restless Breed', while the final cut, 'Swords And Tequila', my own personal fave, is lifted from the group's finest LP – 'Fire Down Under.

sounds
Fan Library
No.7

DEEP PURPLE
DISCOGRAPHY
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS
RARE COLOUR PIX
THE UNTOLD STORY

OUT NOW! DON'T MISS IT!

MARK KNOPFLER

Dire Straits

pic by Ilpo Musto

MUCH MALIGNED by the media but outrageously successful nonetheless, Dire Straits have been accused of, amongst other crimes, producing music that could potentially put tranquilliser manufacturers out of business. In response to these barbs, the band have produced one knee trembler of an extended player that proves there is life after platinum.

Going under the working title of 'The Extended Dance EP' it sees Mark Knopfler and co. demonstrate their ability to shake a leg with a collection of songs that are short, sharp, pristine examples of their ability to rock and all, incidentally, are under 20 minutes long! This one off affair is the result of some severe studio jamming that occurred somewhere in the dodgier recesses of London Town earlier this year and bore fruit with a tongue-in-cheek ditty entitled 'Twisting By The Pool' that acted as a catalyst for the project.

'EDEP' also marks the recording debut of the new, improved Straits line-up which now runs as follows: Knopfler (guitar/vocals), Hal Lindes (guitar), John Illsley (bass), Allan Clarke (keyboards) and Terry Williams (drums). Williams, you may recall, was a long standing member of the infamous Rockpile entourage which may well account for this sudden injection of adrenalin. TOOTS DALEY

CONEY HATCH

THE BAND'S monicker is a deviation on the name of a looney bin in Britain which probably accounts for their perturbing behaviour in this picture, the icicle-ridden Halfin lens capturing them semi-clothed in sub-zero temperatures in their homeland of Toronto. Along with Anvil, Hatch are one of the few Canuke bar bands that can make a living without having to play cover versions. All the members are avid Kerrang! readers (they don't just look at the pictures) and one of their main ambitions is to come over to Britain and headline the Hammersmith Odeon. The group, on the Rush management roster, have their debut album reviewed in this issue) released on Phonogram in early February.

pic by Ross Halfin

QUIET RIOT

AS MOST readers know, Rudy Sarzo, nimble-fingered bassist with acrobatic digits, has left the ranks of Ozzy Osbourne's band to be replaced by Pete Way. Some weird rumours may be circulating as to his whereabouts and we're happy to report that Quiet Riot's latest from Rudy has arrived hot from LA announcing the resurgence of the legendary West Coast outfit Quiet Riot, which also featured the late great Randy Rhoads. Though Q. Riot continued to exist during Rudy's absence, his return to the ranks certainly consolidates their credibility and the band have now recorded an album due to be released at the end of the month on CBS-Pasha records. Apart from Rudy the line-up features Kevin Dubrow (vocals – another original member), Frankie Banali (drums – who beat the skins in spiffing manner on the Hughes/Thrall album), and Carlos Cavaso (guitar – former member of LA Metal band Snow).

pic by Ron Sobol

LONG DISTANCE

DAVE DICKSON sorts out the problems for Telephone

VIRGIN RECORDS are going to have a tough time launching Telephone into the public eye. Why? 'Cos they're French, simple as that.

Yeah, believe it or not, France does have a healthy rock scene and resting squarely on top of this particular iceberg is a four-piece band called Telephone – *not*, as you might presume, Trust, the only other French band of note most people this side of the Channel could put a name to. Trust with their rather tedious socio-political invective, can't really hold a candle to Telephone in their native land, in terms of talent or album sales. So why then has no-one heard of them?!

When you removed the flexi-disc from the cover of *Kerrang!* no. 27, revealing the hairy armpit of one Armando de Castro, another European heavy, then dragged your stylus across to the final track, a quaint Franglais ditty called 'Squeeze' would have greeted your eager lugs. So that was Telephone, eh? Well, no. That was a cock-up by mega-producer Bob Ezrin. The real Telephone are to be found on a stunning album entitled 'Dure Limité' (sung entirely in French) their fourth to date. Or, in this case, on the stage of the Paris *L'Hippodrome de Pantin*, a vast canvas enclosure that will house between eight and nine thousand kids this Thursday night, the first of three shows at the start of a 20-date French tour. But more of that later.

Some time the previous Tuesday Dante 'vestal virgin' Bonutto casually enquired: "How do you fancy a day out in Paris?" To a seasoned 'tripper' like Bonutto this may have seemed commonplace but to one more used to propping up the bar at the Marquee alongside fellow impecunious hack Nick Kemp this was the pot of gold at the end of Ritchie Blackmore's rainbow. "Yeah, why not?" I answered nonchalantly, reaching for a tranquilliser (no mention of Valium, please DB) to quell a thudding heart.

Paris is a city of extraordinary beauty. One of the smallest capitals in Europe, the thing that strikes you immediately is the pace at which its inhabitants move. In London no-one can get to their destination quick enough, everything has to be done an hour ago. But in Paris people saunter and stroll in comparative leisure. Even the traffic, nothing short of kamikaze, cannot disturb the gentle ambience of the city's wide, rolling boulevards and steep, narrow alleyways...

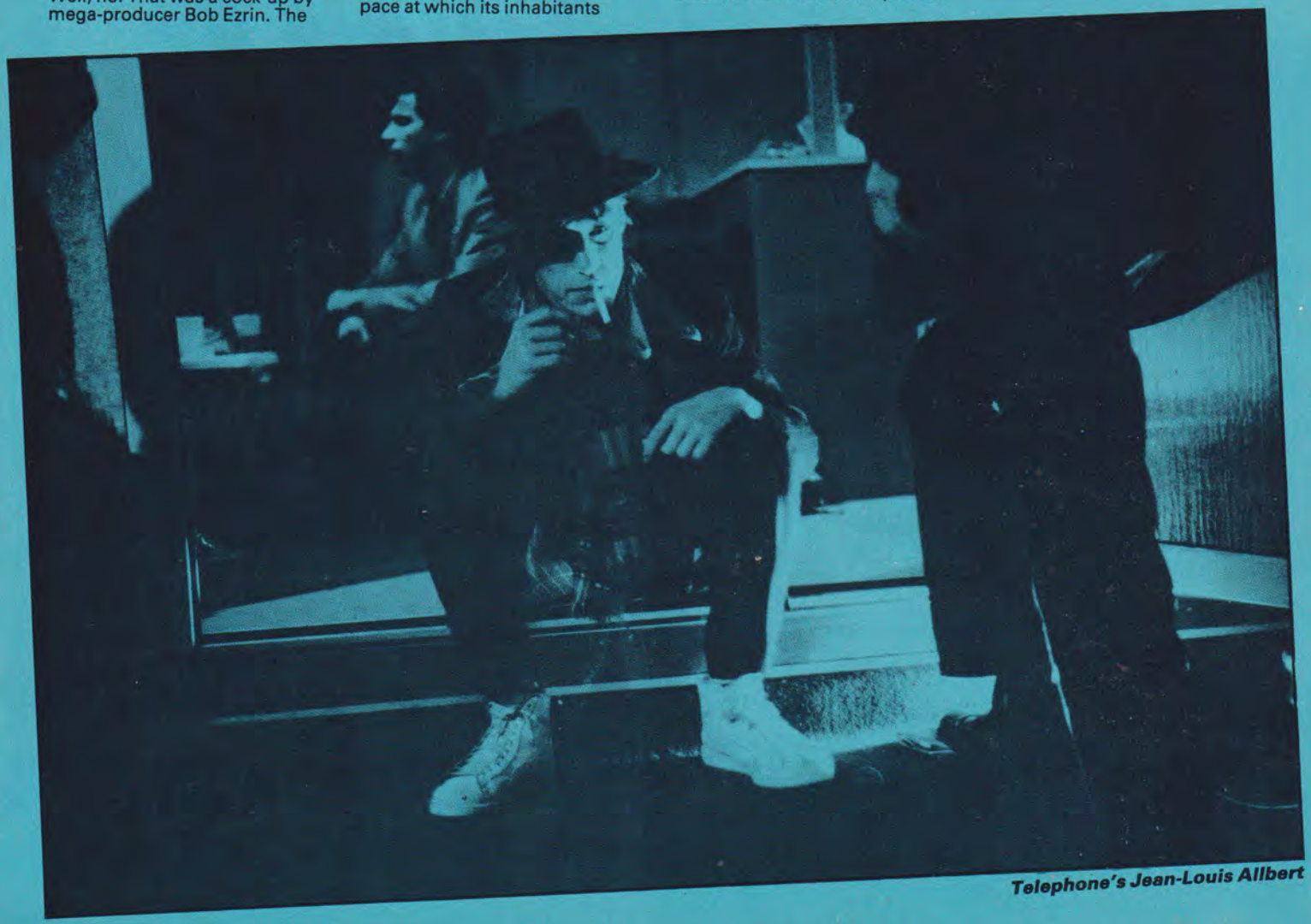
There's an impressive intensity around the backstage area as the support band begin their sound-check and I follow Jean-Louis Aubert, lead guitarist, vocalist and chief composer with Telephone, into the band's caravan/dressing room leaving bassist Corine Marienneau and drummer Richard Kolinka to fidget away the time. Guitarist Louis Bertignac, meanwhile, is nursing a collar bone broken in three places during some 'horse play' that caused the delay of this tour.

The French Minister of Culture is expected tonight to present the band with a platinum disc, of 'Dure Limite'2', which I think means sales of 400,000 copies. Telephone demand that kind of attention in France; everywhere they go they're instantly recognised. They are stars. Yet Jean-Louis remains a quiet, shy extremely likeable young man and a reserved and thoughtful speaker. At the post-gig dinner in the swish *Royal Monceau* hotel the striking resemblance between the diminutive Aubert and Iggy Pop is pointed out, removing the nagging feeling of *'deja-vu'* that had plagued me since I first laid eyes on the man.

So, battling against the thunderous wall of sound coming from the massive stage, we embark on our quest for the truth behind Telephone:

Specific influences – Paris?

"I go into clubs and cafés a lot here. The night-life carries on till five or six in the morning. But the city can be rough. Sometimes it's very violent, even during the day, more so than New York. Everyone says New York is very violent but sometimes I feel more secure there. Nobody's straight here, even the police, those guys can be really violent with you.



Telephone's Jean-Louis Allbert

There's a kind of tension in the air.

"But I still take the tube sometimes. I think I can still go on the street and not have people recognise me. I *need* to look at people, but I wouldn't like to have them looking at me all the time."

Is there an onstage Jean-Louis Aubert persona?

"I don't *create* anything. But I might be different; I mean, I go crazy onstage, I'm in a different world. That's why I'm shy sometimes before ... it's difficult to explain. There's always a lot of tension and that tension makes me go on.

"It's like something I don't *have* to keep inside me when I'm onstage; like when you go diving, you're scared, it's too high, and then you just let go and you have the impression you're flying."

How did the Telephone/Bob Ezrin combination occur?

"Well, I'd always liked his production work, especially on Lou Reed's 'Berlin' and the first two Alice Cooper albums and after some of his friends saw us play in Canada we had a call from him to say that he was coming over to France because he was bored with American groups.

"People say he's magic, the feeling, everything is quite 'mystical' the way he does it, and he speaks really good French too, which was interesting. He taught us how to take our time with a song. We used to play like an English band with two/three minute numbers, but he was prepared to let things happen, to be more demanding."

Then how did he manage to make such an abortion of the Franglais version of the album which sounds false and shallow by comparison, and is, of course, less than 30 minutes long?

"I didn't even know they'd released this album in England. We never wanted to do it, but we agreed to try it with Ezrin anyway. We improvised and tried to put English lyrics over the French words but it was just 'castration' work. He was saying: 'OK, we'll leave that out', it was never positive; it was always 'we'll leave that' or 'we'll keep that in French' – in the middle of an English song, you know, because we couldn't translate it. It was just frustrating.

"When we did it, we did it with all our hearts but we came to the conclusion that it wasn't the thing to do. The thing to do is original songs with original music in the kind of English I'm speaking to you now, with all the mistakes, you know. Simple songs in a kind of international language that we could even put out in France. Because that's our life! I need to be able to communicate in foreign countries, but not in French. The songs are very complicated in French and I only speak simple English."

And even after six years in Telephone, there's still presumably much to be done, not least breaking the UK.

"Yeah, we *could* fill the Marquee now. We're very proud of these English guys liking us because it's only onstage when it seems to happen for us. When we were in England people seemed to like what we do onstage. I'm not afraid of any audience but I *am* very afraid of people listening to the album when I'm not there to explain.

"But I still want to go all round the world with my guitar! And go for free! Ha! Writing has a lot of possibilities too, anything to do with words. And I want to feel good in myself, not to feel a prisoner of anything, not even the rock business."

As the show draws ever closer Jean-Louis Aubert paces nervously in front of the caravan, climbing its steps and disappearing momentarily inside before re-emerging to repeat the whole process. Yet the second he takes the stage he becomes a dynamic, captivating frontman, exuding boundless energy and confidence, before retreating once more into his shy cocoon the instant his performance is complete.

The overriding impression of Telephone is one of sadness really. Here is a band liberally sprinkled with talent who are destined to be largely ignored in this country because of their being born with the 'wrong' nationality. Whether this talent can overcome the inherent prejudice that will largely bar any progress they might attempt to make here is a proposition I shall observe with an interest bordering on fascination. Somehow, though, I doubt it; I doubt that the collective conciousness of the British listening public is broad enough to accept what Telephone are offering. But then, there has been the odd, rare occasion where I've actually been wrong ...

KONTACT!

Janice answers your questions

I RECENTLY saw Marillion and they were (of course) brilliant. The support band Pendragon were also excellent but can find nothing on them in your mag. Could you give me some information on Pendragon? **Chris Long, Worcs.**

● **Pendragon are another band who fall in the category of 'progressive rock'. They hail from Stroud, and were previously called 'Zeus Pendragon' although dropped the 'Zeus' about nine months ago. The band have been working together for about one and a half years and their line up is: Nick Barrett (lead guitar, vocals), Nigel Harris (drums, vocals), John Barnfield (keyboards, vocals), Peter Gee (bass). They will be playing two dates at the Marquee at Christmas and on January 8, these are the start of a string of one-nighters which will take them around the country although not all the dates are confirmed at the time of going to press. Pendragon hope to be releasing their first cassette in the new year called 'Victims Of Life', it will contain three tracks, the title track plus 'Insomnia' and 'Armageddon'. The price will be £1.25 (including p&p) and available from: Sceptre Records, 61 Middle Street, Stroud, Glos. GL5 1EA.**

I HAVE just bought 'Market Square Heroes' and think Marillion are the best HM band to hit the British scene. Have they got a fan club or info service? **Dave Sears, Slough.**

● **Marillion's fan club is called 'The Web' and they can help you with any questions or queries about the band. The Web is at: 63 Quainton Road, Waddesdon, Bucks. Don't forget that when writing to fan clubs you should always include an s.a.e.**

THERE HAS been a lot of speculation recently that Bob Daisley was to leave Uriah Heep and join Ozzy Osbourne. Is there any foundation to this speculation? Also, is there a release date set for Heep's follow up album to 'Abominog'? **Bob Thompson, Durnmoor Heath, Darlington.**

● **Although it seemed likely that Bob Daisley would be doing some dates with Ozzy he's now decided to do the sensible thing and stay with Heep. They begin recording their next album in January and February, so a release date seems likely in late March, early April.**

I REALISE that Jethro Tull are hardly hip on the HM front, but I was wondering if you could give me the address of their fan club or merchandising company if they have one. **Michael Cullum, Basingstoke.**

● **Jethro Tull do have a fan club that also deals with their merchandising and any other queries you may have. Write to: Tull Merchandise, Arena, 42 Molyneux St, London W1.**

I RECENTLY attended the AC/DC gig at Newcastle City Hall and unfortunately could not afford to buy a Y&T tour T-shirt, please give me an address where I can send for Y&T merchandise. **Paul Richardson, Saltburn.**

● **The Y&T merchandising was dealt with by Concert Publishing, if you send them an s.a.e. they will check if they have the merchandising you require. Their address is: 166-198 Liverpool Road, London N1.**

ALL READERS who wrote to Soldier for copies of the 'Infantrycide' album may be wondering why they have not received a reply. Soldier apologise but have hit a few problems. They were due to release the album with Heavy Metal Records in October. The recording time was set aside but after much debating Soldier decided to look elsewhere for a deal. Because they do not wish to release an album of sub-standard quality by rushing things they hope that all those who wrote to them will wait a little longer so they can devote more time to the album. They hope to release a live cassette in the New Year to satisfy demand.

● **DIAMOND HEAD FAN CLUB, c/o Designs, 156 Lightwoods Hill, Warley Woods, Warley, West Midlands.**

COULD YOU please give me any information regarding the Scottish group Pallas. I understand there is a live cassette and single available but how do I get hold of them? **Stephen Pattison, Beeston, Leeds.**

I read with interest the article on Pallas in *Kerrang!* No. 29 and wonder if you could give me some information on any record or cassette releases. **Greg Dew, Knighton, Leicester.**

● **Pallas have been together in their present line-up since mid 1981 consisting of – Euan Lowson (vocals), Niall Mathewson (lead guitar) Ronnie Brown keyboards), Graeme Murray (bass, vocals) and Derek Forman (drums). They have released a live cassette and a single, both bearing the title 'Arrive Alive', although the cassette does not contain the track. The b-side of the single is 'Stranger On The Edge Of Time'. The price for these two is £2.99 for the cassette and £1.20 for the single and can be obtained from Granite Wax Records, 91 King Street, Aberdeen AB2 3AB, Scotland.**

I'VE JUST bought the Quo triple album and after playing it discovered that side five and six were the same. Is this the only one and would it be worth anything as a collector's item? **David Bradford, Kidderminster, Worcs.**

● **Since your record is obviously the result of a mistake at the record pressing factory I would think it unlikely that anyone knows how many have slipped through to the shops. It certainly sounds like a rarity and may be of value to a collector. If you place a classified ad. other Quo fans will write to you on this subject and you may get some idea of its value, rarity etc.**

pic by George Bodnar

CHEVY CHASE

They've had a few setbacks but Chevy still hope to turn the corner to stardom. Interview by MALCOLM DOME

IT WAS early in 1981. The venue was the Paris Theatre in London's Piccadilly hot-bed. The occasion was the recording of a Radio One 'In Concert' show. Headlining the programme were the then much-vaunted Tygers of Pan Tang, complete with a slick, expensive line in stage clothing and a veritable fortress of amps/equipment.

Almost as an afterthought came support act Chevy. A quintet from Leamington Spa, the band, signed to little known Avatar Records, shuffled on to open proceedings dressed in real street clobber (you know, jeans, T-shirts etc) and boasting the sort of amp set-up that looked like an *Airfix* scale miniature compared to the Tygers.

But ... the incredible happened. Through barely 30 minutes of high-grade, revelry 'n' rock, Chevy blew the Geordies clean away. Indeed, the Pan Tang road crew had to scrape their boys' remains off the walls after the gig! And so red-hot were these unpretentious midlanders that the scorch marks they left on the stage remain to this day – a fitting testimony to a band whose ebullient brand of Americanised (but never sanitised) hard rock should by now have made them household names.

Yet, IT DID NOT. Two years on and Chevy seem to have faded into history; their remarkable talents destined to be remembered by just a handful of die-hard cultists, whilst other outfits, scarcely fit to appear on the same stage, have made considerable impact.

However, the band have most definitely NOT given up the fight. But, before we discuss their grim-jawed determination to carry on regardless, let's just back-track a little and find out why they aren't now a mega-act and what's been happening to them these many past months.

For starters, the line-up has changed. Gone are dummer Andy Chaplin plus guitarist Steve Walwyn, to be replaced by Ted Duggan and Barry Eardley, respectively. But, the hard-core trio of vocalist Martin Cure, second guitarist Paul Shanahan, and bassist Bob Poole are still very much on the case.

"Steve and Andy left in September 1981," explans Cure. "Basically, they just got fed up with all the hassles our record company were giving us. So they jacked it in."

The label in question was, of course, the aforementioned Avatar. Far be it for me to lambast the company, but when three responsible, intelligent bands such as Dark Star, Limelight and Chevy all tell the same sorry story, then one is forced to conclude that things were not exactly hunky-dory at Avatar. Indeed, it was this Central London-based operation who were, according to Chevy, wholly guilty of holding them back. Let Bob Poole take up the cudgel.

"In August 1981, Avatar had actually booked us into a studio for a couple of weeks to do our second album, the follow-up to 'The Taker'. They were talking about getting in John Eden or Nick Tauber to produce it, and quite frankly anyone would have sounded good to us after working with John Stronach who messed up on that debut LP!

"But it soon became clear that doing another album with Avatar was a waste of time and effort. They didn't want to spend a penny on it – everything was to be done on the cheap. And as for promoting the record when it finally did surface, that was probably out of the question, as was any chance of the band making any money from it. Avatar hardly paid us, in fact, during our whole time on their roster! So, we decided that rather than continue under such conditions, it was best for Chevy to leave the label, something that became official only last June.

"So although lots of people there were really into the band, like Pete Chalcraft in A&R to whom we're very grateful, they had no power as such. And the people who could have helped us at Avatar had no interest in us. Let me stress – WE LEFT THEM. They've since been putting the word around that Chevy were dropped but that's untrue."

Since leaving Avatar rowing, Chevy have found life tough.

"There are management companies, for instance Manticore, who like our music. They say they'd sign us up right away, but only if we can get a record deal first," reveals Shanahan.

"And then the record companies say come back when you've a management deal. No-one seems willing to take a chance these days."

So, the band have been reduced to doing selected gigs and touting their wares around a barely responsive industry.

"We've an American type sound," stresses Duggan. "If we could get over to the States, we'd go down a bomb. But over here, A&R guys don't believe our classy sort of hard rock can sell. The trouble is they can't see beyond next week. Chevy is a long-term thing – we have the potential to sell vast quantities of records over a period of years. But, at present, we can't get that message across. Sooner or later, though, someone must surely see how good this band is. All we ask is that record companies give our tapes a fair hearing and then come and check us out live. Once they catch our show, there's no way anyone could fail to be blown over!"

However, getting this message across to the people who matter isn't easy. Indeed, in an effort to get some product out for the countless fans who still pack out what gigs Chevy do play, the fivesome are at present negotiating a production deal with Leicester-based Q-Studios. Hopefully, this will lead to the release of the ironically entitled 'Taking A Chance' on their own label in the very near future.

Such a move is symptomatic of the band's current frustration and desperation. Frustration, because in this recession-haunted climate they're faced with a whole plethora of music biz personages who've expressed an interest in 'em yet want someone else to make the first move. And, desperation because without proper financial backing how long can they continue?

"We nearly signed with the Samaritans recently," quips Eardley, with a touch of bitterness.

"We have to pick and choose what gigs we do, because of the expense involved," concludes Poole. "And that means, we're forced to restrict ourselves to a small area outside of the Midlands. To get real interest from companies, you've got to play in London but we can't afford it! On top of that, we were offered the support gig with Gary Moore before Stampede got it. But, again how could we get up the money for the buy-on? What this band needs is someone to believe in us as much as Charlie Ayre at MCA believes in Diamond Head. With that sort of backing, we'll come through."

For the sake of good quality rock 'n' roll, I hope Chevy turn the corner soon. This is the outfit who put the sparkle into Leamington Spa-rkle and, given a mere half chance, they've the charisma / musicianship / songs / confidence to give the likes of Foreigner a right run for their money. Have we so many excellent heavy rock acts in this country that we can afford to throw a superb band like Chevy onto the scrapheap?

Left to right: Martin Cure, Barry Eardley, Paul Shanahan, Bob Poole, Ted Duggan

KANDID KAMERAS

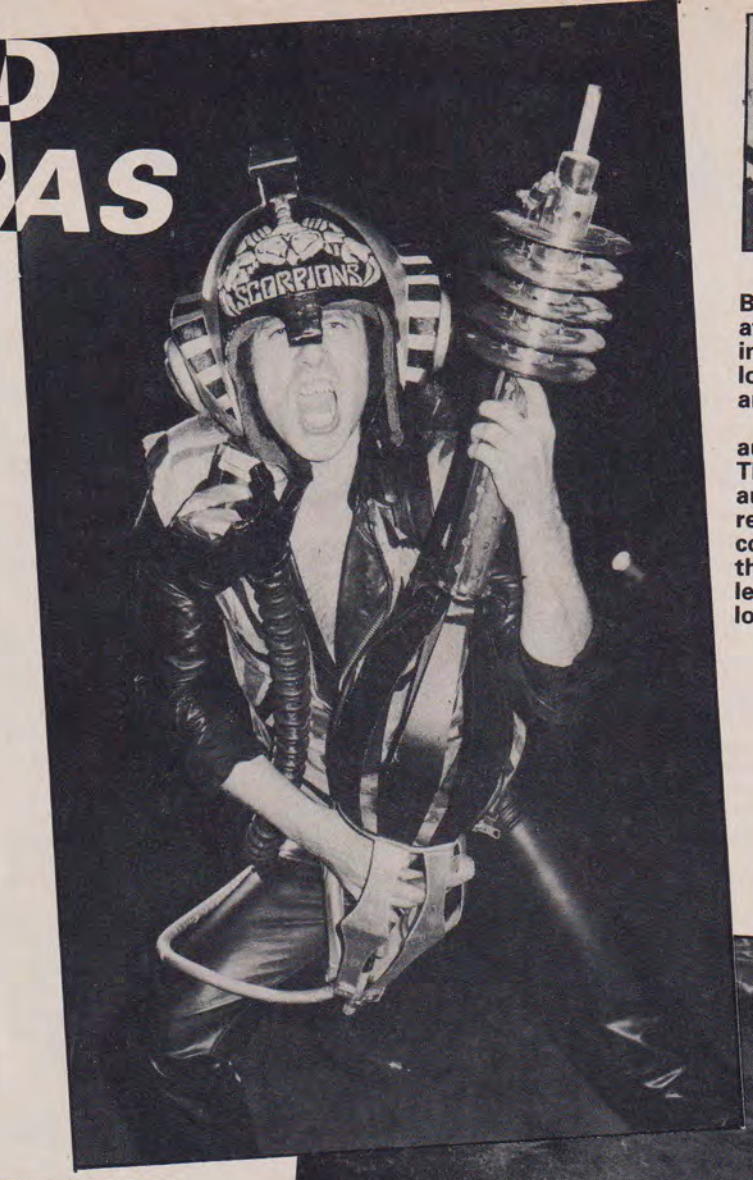
OVER THE years photography has undoubtedly evolved into one of the leading art forms in the rock world. It's developed, matured and become as highly stylised as its subject matter. Gone (hopefully) are the throwaway 'fab gear' days of anonymity. Now every picture tells a story and rightfully carries a by-line.

It's a cut throat business and both freelance scribes'n'snappers must have identity/individuality unless they wish to be trampled underfoot in a stampede of ready'n'willing contenders.

In recent years the development of video and the improvement of print reproduction has led us into a more visually orientated world. One only needs to stroll into the local newsagent to see the growing influx of glossy magazines. In fact, many people have publicly stated that images caught by a lens are now making oil and canvas things of the past. While not wishing to dwell on such esoteric arguments one can safely say that over the last 20 years or so the quality of rock photography has vastly improved.

At one time magazines were filled with standard one-dimensional posed shots of an embarassingly low quality but the new breed of photo-journalist (for that's what they are) have abandoned the pre-set impositions of text book technique and concentrated of capturing the heat, sweat and excitement of the moment. In doing so they forsake the perfectionism and accepted / expected standards of exposure quality and traditional print style. But that in turn adds that personal flavour / stamp of identity to their pictures.

Featured here are a selection of snaps from the old and new school of rock photogs chosen by the craftsmen themselves. All, you'll agree, demonstrate a flair for capturing that precious moment in time and give life and depth to the flat pages of a magazine. Get the picture? PETE MAKOWSKI



ROBERT 'Professor Brainstawm' ELLIS attempting to look more inane than Angus 'what's a lobotomy, sport?' Young – and succeeding.

Klaus Meine (left) is seen auditioning for a part in Thunderbirds and failing the audition due to lack of realism. (Outfit comes courtesy of Action Twit and the food mixer rising from leather crotch was kindly loaned by Robert Carrier).

(Crazy) GEORGE BODNAR seen here demonstrating the results of a successful organ transplant.

The crazed one captures Tank underwater (right) after a night spent consuming vast quantities of amphetamines and watching re-runs of Jacques Costeau videos. Peter Brabbs face is unfortunately (or fortunately, depending how you feel about the man) obscured by an outburst of excessive flatulence.

ROSS HALFIN (Sensitive portrait, carefully arranged to mask huge beer-gut, by Pete Makowski)

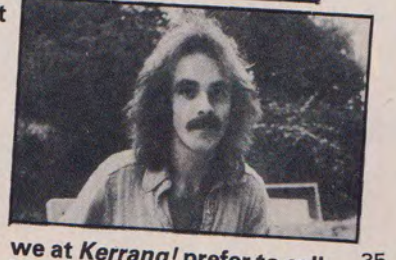
Iron Maiden (left) came up with a poorman's version of The Scorpions 'Blackout' cover. Well what do you expect from a band with a manager like Rod Smallwood? Hipgnosis?

JUSTIN THOMAS (right) esorts to the monkey glands a desperate bid for HM redibility.

Retarded glam poseurs anoi Rocks (above) in st-ditch effort to master the ueen's English, not to ention steal new ideas for ongs.

RAY PALMER (right) in recent (do us a favour!) pose

His horrifying picture (above) captures Krokus's kroaker Mark Storace fresh offstage after playing to an audience of over-enthusiastic punks. Clearly they showed their approval by dousing the man with vast quantities of frothy spittle (or smegma, as we at *Kerrang!* prefer to call it).



Another bite of the cherry

Dedringer come up for the second time

SAMSON, PRAYING Mantis, Fist ... slowly some of the better bands from the NWOBHM, who for various reasons missed the boat first time around, are getting second bites of the cherry.

Latest to join this list are Yorkshire quintet Dedringer. You remember Dedringer? The band who were snapped up during the 1979-80 HM boom by the all-too-hip DinDisc label, released an LP and a couple of singles in 1980 and supported the likes of Gillan, Girlschool, Triumph, and MSG. For a time, it looked as if they were going to make a real impact. But, then ... nothing, sweet nothing.

For nigh on 18 months news from the 'Ringer camp has been conspicuous only through its absence.

"The reason for that was the band were involved in a car crash during August of '81," explained guitarist Neil Hudson. "I was injured, as was fellow guitarist Al Scott, so we were forced to take a long break."

At the time, Dedringer were still signed, in name at least, to DinDisc. But there hasn't been even a hint of new product from them for some time, and eventually at Xmas 1981, the company and band reached the parting of the ways, a situation that certainly brought no tears from Dedringer.

"Thd record label just didn't understand our sort of music. I'm sure you've heard this before from many other bands, but DinDisc had no idea how to promote us. In fact they definitely held us back and messed up the group completely," revealed Hudson, with more than a hint of venom.

And why shouldn't the affable axeman feel slightly miffed at the band's treatment? it's high time someone spoke up and told the truth about some (not all, mark you) major labels and their head-in-sand attitude to HM. No, I'm not going into a soap-box tirade against the record industry, but it does seem that a number of companies have not the faintest idea how to work and promote a ROCK outfit properly. They end up treating them the same way as 'this year's fashion' act, and as a consequence good bands all too often die before their time. I've often wondered how Virgin would have handled Gillan if that group hadn't already established a prize market for itself.

Unfortunately, Dedringer didn't have the firm foundations of a Gillan, and so finally drifted out of the DinDisc deal and seemingly towards obscurity.

"We went through a bad patch when we did seriously consider knocking Dedringer on the head," confessed Hudson. "But, strangely, it was that car accident that gave us the strength to carry on. It allowed us to take our time, look at where things had gone wrong before and decide how best to proceed. DinDisc were always in such a hurry to get product out that we'd never been given such an opportunity."

The first result of these 'think sessions' was a change of line-up with vocalist JJ Hoyle ("he was a bit too old and never had the right voice for us") being replaced by Neil Garfitt, and bassist Lee Flaxington ("he left soon after that crash, 'cos he was so fed up with everything") by Chris Graham (the line-up is completed by drummer Kenny Jones, and Hudson/Scott on guitars). They then had the good fortune to meet Neat Records boss Dave Wood.

"We'd never thought of signing with an indie label before, 'cos we wanted an advance. But our manager suggested we meet Dave, and he impressed us immediately. He was so sincere and was tuned into the same wavelength as ourselves."

The band are not signed directly to Neat, but rather have a separate deal struck for each piece of product released, which seems to suit them just fine. The first fruit of this arrangement was the recent single 'Hot Lady/'Hot Licks & Rock 'N' Roll' and it's definitely the most promising record the band has cut (so much better than the DinDisc de(a)dweight LP), with an edge that perfectly balances the craftsmanship feel. Moreover, the grooves positively bounce with vitality.

"We've total control over the production of our Neat material, and that's fine for us. We've had enough of so-called top producers. Mike Howlett, who's managed by the same guys who handle 'Mutt' Lange, was hired for our DinDisc stuff, and he was awful. So being allowed to get on with the job ourselves is a pleasant change. And, it also helps that our songs are all much stronger now. In fact 'Hot Lady' is by no means the best number we've written."

As for the immediate future, Dedringer aren't going to follow-up their debut Neat seven-incher with an LP. Rather, they plan to issue a whole batch of singles over the coming months which, backed by a low-key UK club tour, will hopefully help re-build their nationwide audience. And, according to Hudson, visits to Europe and Japan shouldn't be ruled out either.

"Our DinDisc album sold really well in both these territories – much better than in Britain. We still get royalty cheques through for sales, even after all this time! At the moment Dave Wood is trying to get licencing deals for other parts of the world and we'd obviously like to go out there and promote our product. But, that doesn't mean we put them above the UK – making it over here is still our number one priority."

So, can Dedringer *really* roll back those lost years? Hudson remains confident but pragmatic.

"It's gonna be hard for us, that's certain. But this is a better band than the Dedringer of before, so it's like a fresh start for us. I think we've the material and backing now to happen here."

And, judging by the firm start this band have made with Neat, I've a feeling those cynics cruel enough to dismiss Dedringer a couple of years back as 'De(a)dloss' might just be made to eat their words. As indeed might DinDisc!

MALCOLM DOME

Before she linked up with, and subsequently married, Ozzy, Sharon Osbourne was better known as the daughter of Don Arden, proprietor of Jet Records and one of the toughest managers in rock. After two years managing her husband's career, she's helped steer the Ozz from cult hero to superstar. Chas de Whalley talks to ..

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

Sharon and hubby

"IT SOUNDS a little arrogant I know, but I think I've helped mastermind Ozzy's success. I could never have done it if he wasn't there and wasn't the sort of performer he is, of course, so perhaps it would be better to say we've done it together.

"I showed him how to channel his energies in the right direction, though originally I wanted to do the same with Black Sabbath. The whole band came to see me when I was looking after Gary Moore at Jet Records and I had some great ideas for them. But then they decided to split so I was left with Ozzy.

"He's the only member of Blizzard of Ozz I actually manage. I represent the rest of the guys in so far as they're part of the touring or recording operation, but beyond that they're free to come and go as they please. They're all great musicians but I don't think they'll ever be stars in their own right. So I'm not interested. Randy Rhoads was something else again though. He was phenomenal and I wanted to manage him so desperately because I knew that after two or three years there could have been any number of things he might have turned his hand to – he was that brilliant. Sadly we shall never see them.

"A manager's job is to look after the artiste's affairs, see that he honours all his commitments and then protect him as much as possible from business pressure. There's an element of the minder in it too because musicians are invariably highly strung and emotional people who often aren't aware of what's best for them. A manager should be there to keep their indulgences in check and take an overview of the whole situation.

"The first thing I thought we had to do with Ozzy was establish him in the public eye. It's incredible to believe that he could be in a band like Black Sabbath, tour America constantly for 10 years, generate millions of dollars, yet still be virtually anonymous. But that's how it was when we started. Obviously, people knew he was in a group because of the way he looked and the way he dressed. But nobody recognised his face. Now, barely two years later, he's gone *so* public! He's a personality and he gets mobbed everywhere he goes. Hotels, airports, restaurants – it's all: 'Ozzy Ozzy Ozzy!' But that's what we wanted.

"I had to persuade him to change his image from the start. When he was in Sabbath I thought he looked like one of the Osmonds in that tasselled jacket and that tacky T-shirt with his name written on it in sequins. I knew he was into horror and the grotesque and that all those poses and maniacal expressions came naturally to him, so I persuaded him to dress the part and we designed the stage set to match. Then we went out on tour because that's where you sell records in rock'n'roll – especially in the United States.

"For almost two years we lived on the bus. You have to be prepared to invest in yourself in this business so we decided right from the beginning that, although we might have to cover the costs out of our own pockets, Ozzy should assume a certain status and give himself certain standards before we even left the house. So we headlined everywhere we played.

"Of course, we nearly came a cropper on a number of occasions. I remember begging promoters to let us go on when they were convinced we should cancel because we hadn't sold enough tickets. But I'd insist – even if it meant playing for nothing. I'm not a defeatist, you see, and I believe that if a band plays their hearts out, even to only 50 people, then some of them will definitely enjoy it enough to want to come back and bring their friends. And if only one of them is from a radio station or a record shop then you're beginning to get through to the industry as well as the public. And that's even more important in the States than it is over here.

"I had nothing to lose by playing for free because, the system being what it is, I'd already had to pay for the lights and the PA and the trucking in advance as well as guaranteeing the crew's wages. The unions had to be kept sweet too. You can't lift an amp or solder a lead in an American theatre without a stipulated number of union personnel present so it can cost you thousands of dollars in union bills to do one gig! Yet it was still no more expensive to play for nothing than it was to cancel.

"Of course, after a time, Ozzy's press began to catch up with us. Any publicity is good publicity, but all that business about biting the heads off live animals began to plague us to the point where people were beginning to ignore the music and the talent within the band. We'd get reviews saying 'Ozzy put on a boring show because he didn't kill anything', which is crazy. We got banned from various cities and venues as a result. But sawing the legs off Dobermanns and blowing up sheep was all pure fabrication.

"It is true that Ozzy bit the head off a dove in 1980 though. He'd just signed to CBS in the States and we were invited to one of those big bullshit conventions as guest celebrities. But Ozzy could tell they weren't really interested in him and that he was just another act to be forgotten as soon as he walked out the door, so he thought he'd do something they'd remember him by. Which they certainly did!

"But you have to bear in mind that Ozzy's known record companies for the last 10 years – he knows what bastards they can be.

"So when he signed to CBS Ozzy was determined not to be pushed under the carpet like that again. The company were disgusted, though. They threatened to tear up the contract and one of their lawyers phoned me up and promised to fix it so we'd never work again if Ozzy didn't behave. Once we started to sell records, however, their attitude changed. But it's still been a running battle with them all the way. Like most major record companies CBS is run by a bunch of old farts who haven't been anywhere near the street in years. All they care about is balancing the books so if they can save a buck they will – even on an act they know will sell millions like Ozzy does.

"You wouldn't believe the problems I had getting the packaging of the live album together. I wanted to make it a real collector's item with tour tickets, posters and stage-passes included. It would have cost them under a dollar extra per album but they weren't interested. Some of them really hate women managers coming in and telling them how they should work too.

"I try not to deal with them too often. I prefer direct contact with the guys on the street and in the field. The salesmen and the radio promotion men. They're the ones who can really break you, not the guys in the office.

"America is so big, you see, that it's possible to have a massive hit in one area and mean nothing elsewhere. You could sell a million in New York alone! So it's worthwhile keeping tabs on Chicago, Atlanta or wherever because if I just asked the guys at head office they'd tell me everything was fine to keep me off their backs.

"In many respects it's totally different business out in the States and too many young British managers think they can play it the same way they do in the UK. Where they should keep their mouths shut and listen, they waffle on not knowing what they're talking about. Americans tend to make their minds up about people very quickly so before they know it they're branded as dummies and never given a second chance. If they go down, so does their band in nine cases out of 10."

PENPALS

This is a FREE service. But keep it brief – and clean! Send a photo too, if you like. Long, boring Penpal letters will go in the bin!

26 YEAR old male would like to get in touch with penpals from anywhere (inc. Asia, Australia). Correspondence should not only include music (HM and other). Girls and boys over 18 please write to: **Michael Fellmer, Maininger Str 4. D 1000 Berlin 62, W. Germany.**

MAD POLACK seeking old friends Carl Mallison, Glen & Andy Craven and Fluff. I wish to get back in contact badly. Anyone in Bradford, West Yorkshire tell them to write. Please. Supervision lives. **Mike Safransky, 8254 Rusaga, Langsandmo, Norway.**

STRICKTLY FOR loopy skull shakers. If you inhabit Poole Arts Centre area, I'd like to meet you for gigs and anything. Also I'd like penpals from anywhere. Photos could be interesting. I'm Jenny, 17, cracked on Hawkwind, bikes, Hudi Elbow, wombats, the unknown, scribble your notes to: **Jenny Larcombe, 22 Kit Lane, Owermoigne, Dorchester, Dorset.**

I'M AN Asian rocker into Hendrix, Kiss etc. I want sensible female friends anywhere in England to write to come with me in my car to visit France and Denmark in mid. '83 (15-19). Males/females from France and Denmar please write to me. All letters answered. Photo please. **Atta Rehman, 14 Laxey Rod, Edgbaston, Birmingham, B16 0JG. England.**

I'M AN 18-year-old female calling everybody. My favourites are Lizzy, Purple and anybody else who can play. Take your ass with you and write to **Hege Cathrine Bergrem, 2730 Lunner, Hadeland, Norway.**

ANYONE INTERESTED in writing to a 14 year old female rocker? I'm into AC/DC, Led Zep, Iron Maiden, Foreigner, Journey, Rainbow and Survivor. Any age from anywhere, near or far, CND supporter. **Eva Halder, 193 Oxford St, Pontycymmer, Mid Glam. CF32 8DE.**

I'M A 17 year old male into HM and would like to meet females (16-18) non-smokers who like Rainbow, Meatloaf, Girlschool, Queen, Whitesnake, and motorbikes. **Jon, PO Box 208, RAF Mildenhall, Suffolk.**

WANTED! Heavy Metal fans all over the world. I'm a 16-year-old guy from Sweden into most of the HM bands. But mostly I like Kiss, AC/DC, Slade, Ozzy, Purple, Motorhead and Maiden. **Peter Hagell, Bjorkstra, S-570 12 Landsbro, Sweden.**

I'M 17, into really good rock music and I've decided it's about time someone with good taste and their head screwed on wrote into this mag. I hate being called a rocker, I hate good music being called HM, I don't have long hair and I don't wear faded denim covered in badges. So if you're into Zeppelin etc. and you worship Ritchie Blackmore and hate Saxon, Motorhead etc. write to me. **John Simpson, 11A Newick Ave., Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.**

METAL EXPRESS – the one and only HM fanzine in Norway wants to get in touch with new, exciting HM/HR bands from all over the world. Send demos biog, and photo to: **Metal Express, Geir Holum, Johs. Minsaas Veg 9, 7053 Ranheim, Norway.**

HI, MY name's Mark. I'm looking for some friendly headbangers to go to gigs with (male or female). I'm into Motorhead, Quo, Sabs (with Ozzy), Cheetah, Cream, Hendrix, Purple and lots of others. Must be over 14. **Mark Lough, 49 Shirley Avenue, Denton, Manchester.**

YOUNG SEAMAN going to the Falklands in January for five lonely months into Whitesnake, Maiden, Purple, Gillan, AC/DC Priest and any other heavy rock bands old and new. I'm 24, blonde, like to travel but don't get to many gigs. Young lady rockers drop me a line quick. **C. 'Robby' Robertson, R.F.A. Regent, B.F.P.O. Ships, London.**

21 YEAR old male Genesis/Rush freak into Tolkien, sci-fi, countryside, good conversation, seeks peace loving female with same interests in Anglia/London area. Also heavily into Camel, Oldfield, Yes, Renaissance, Floyd etc. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. **Paul Hodgson, 23 Langdale Close, Bletchley, Milton Keynes.**

DANISH 21 year old male wants female/male for correspondence about Heavy Metal/Rock into Van Halen, Judas Priest, Saxon, Rainbow, Gillan, MSG, Journey, etc. **Christian McEvoy Weigel, Islands Brygge 15, 2300 Copenhagen, S. Denmark.**

18 YEAR old HM fanatic from France into all good HR/HM would like to swop news, singles, demos and live tapes (I've some great ones from France) – write to: **Gil Tadic, 3 Rue Nobleterre, 95100, Argenteuil, France.**

FEMALE HEADBANGER, 20, into Priest, Maiden, Leppard, Tygers (to name a few), would like to hear from fellow headbangers male & female, 17+. UK and Japanese pals most welcome. **Karyn Willis, 29 Yarrow Road, Toronto, Ont M6M 4E2.**

MALE, 18, wants to hear from UK females 17-19. I'm into BOC, Maiden, Sabbath, Rainbow, etc. Photo wanted. So C'mon girls, write to: **Tor Berge, Heivn 16, Strommen N4800 Arendal, Norway.**

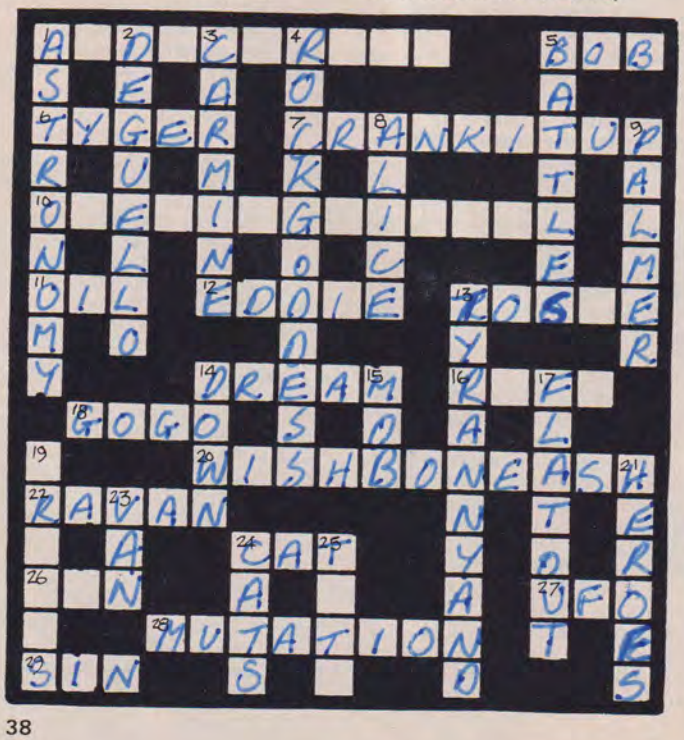
COULD THE Bon Scott fan pictured by his grave in *Kerrang!* no. 29, please contact me. I'm a 20 year old Bon Scott fan and would love a penpal over there. **Vera Weinberg, Waiseuhausstr. 34, D4133 Neukirokeu Veuyu, Germany.**

I'M A metal child, 16, looking for metal victims everywhere into Soldier, Jaguar, Rapid Tears, and the Wild etc. No AOR, cos I wanna stay healthy. **Paul Schryver, Ribeslaan 38, 2641 CK Pynacker, Holland.**

I'M A 17 year old Swedish heavy rocker (male) into most HM, Van Halen, Y&T, Accept, Ozzy, Fist, Diamond Head, Raven, Maiden. In Sweden, there are just a few female heavy rockers so if you are female, 15-19, living in England and are reading this, please send a photo and letter to: **Jerker Gidlund, Tjadervagen 1, 80239 Gavle, Sweden.**

MALE 22, into U. Roth, Scorps, UFO, Y&T, Tigers, Maiden, Priest, Angel. Can't stand die-hards into Rolling Bones, Dead Zepp etc. Born Cardiff, Wales, now a Canadian graphic artists sick of arguing with wimps about music. **T.W. O'Connell, 1397 Tatra Dr. Pickering, Ont. Canada.**

28 YEAR old male rocker into all good rock would like to hear from Midland females (any age) into rock. Photo app. Contact **Chris Gill, 87 Birmingham Road, Lichfield, Staffordshire.**



KERROSSWORD!

ACROSS

1 A Coney Hatcher? (4.6)
5 An old shilling for Rondinelli (3)
6 A striped one from Pan Tang (5)
7 The Rods sound as if they want to get the clapped out machine moving (5.2.2)
10 The Prologue . . . that is according to Clovenhoof (7.6)
11 What Tull found in the N. Sea (3)
12 Mr. Money . . . but has he bags of it? (5)
13 Gallagher led this outfit (5)
14 The boat for Heart's Annie (5)
16 Just a repetitive guitar phrase (4)
18 Stones went there (2.2)
20 Warriors who threw down the sword (8.3)
22 Crash bang wallopers . . . ask Edgar Allan Poe (5)
24 It scratched Ted and gave him fever (3)
26 They're made of metal, but aren't metal if you see what I mean (3)
27 They've no place to run (1.1.1)
28 See 13 down
29 City for Angus and Co. (3)

DOWN

1 The science of the star system according to BOC (9)
2 A winner from ZZ (9)
3 Appice re-jigged the R.A.C. mine (7)
4 Heavy metal R&R's . . . or Diana and Athena made of stone? (4.7)
5 During which Manowar sing their hymns (7)
8 Mr./Mrs. Cooper (5)
9 The 'P' in ELP (6)
13 and 28: BOC's second LP (7.3.8)
14 Repeated by Quo . . . and Barbara Woodhouse? (4)
16 It rules the Sabs (3)
17 Buck Dharma on his back? (4.3)
19 Laid down by Wrabbit and all other recording artists . . . even B.R. (7)
21 What Marillion found in the Market Square (6)
23 Transport for the Halens (3)
24 Teenage tigers from Hell? (4)
25 . . . and a vehicle for the Pocaro Bros. . . . not transport. The wizard of Oz might help (4)

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Andy Curran; 5. Bob; 6. Tyger; 7. Crank It Up; 10. Opening Ritual; 11. Oil; 12. Eddie; 13. Taste; 14. Dream; 16. Riff; 18. Go-Go; 20. Wishbone Ash; 22. Raven; 24. Cat; 26. Can; 27. UFO; 28. Mutation; 29. Sin.

DOWN: 1. Astronomy; 2. Deguello; 3. Carmine; 4. Rock Goddess; 5. Battles; 8. Alice; 9. Palmer; 13. Tyranny And; 14. Down; 16. Mob; 17. Flat Out; 19. Tracks; 21. Heroes; 23. Van; 24. Cats; 25. Toto.

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

23 YEAR OLD female rocker into Tygers, Whitesnake, Iron Maiden etc; seeks male for correspondence, friendship, gigs. Box No K117.

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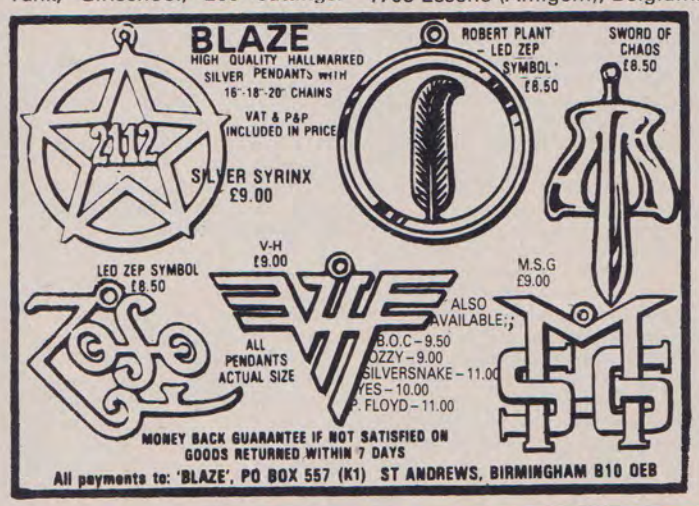
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CUT AND THRUST

NEIL JEFFRIES gets out the rowing boat to cross the North Sea to see Golden Earring

IT'S BEEN over five years since the 1977 Reading Fetsival when the premier Dutch band Golden Earring last played live in Britain. For some time now, though, importers have been selling their new album 'Cut', a release so strong that I crossed The North Sea to swing the British press spotlight back in their direction.

In a dressing room prior to a show near their home town of The Hague I asked lead singer/rhythm guitarist Barry Hay just where they'd been all this time. No real mystery here ... "Basically just playing around Holland and doing gigs in Germany and Belgium."

Barry has British parents so speaks the language well. He's an instantly likeable character who sips whisky'n'Coke ("Very medicinal!") and laughs a lot as he attempts to control his large dog Judo. But back to history ...

Since 1977 Earring have released five albums including the new one. In 1978 they made a final visit to the States. How come since then, they've become virtual European exiles?

"Well, it's expensive to bring the band out with the equipment we have now. It's a big set-up and to fly it over ... we're really paranoid about losing money at the moment! We've had to work hard to get some cash together to pay off all the debts for

American trips etc. Also we have this feeling about Britain. There's so many bands and they all come over here, so we tend to feel why should we go over *there*? The British are perhaps spoilt – they get the best of everything."

Except Golden Earring's attention! Much of their rebirth can be traced back to the point when they cut back to a four-piece once more (Barry, George Kooymans – guitar/vocals, Rinus Gerritsen – bass, Cesar Zuiderwijk – drums) for the 1978 LP 'No Promises ... No Debts'.

"We found out that the four of us communicated so fast – we'd have a song and everybody would know exactly what to do – but the fifth member (Eelco Gelling – guitar, and Robert Jan Stips – keyboards before him) took such a long time. Eelco in the end couldn't comprehend what we were doing. We were trying to toughen up the band a bit because it had mellowed. Our roots are really loud straightforward rock'n'roll so we wanted to get back to that."

A desire that came out on the next record, 'Prisoner Of The Night'/'Long Blond Animal' (the title varies according to country of issue) and the last '2nd Live' (A double recorded on the 1981 tour.)

"Yeah I kind of liked it! But the other albums ... production-wise they just didn't make it. They weren't half as good as this new album. George was doing it because we didn't know anybody who could do it better ... but he's not really a producer. I'm sure now that we needed an outside producer because the guy who worked with us on the 'Cut' album – Shell Shellekens – was *great*! He changed certain things in the band that we all knew needed changing but nobody had the guts to do it. You can hear right away when an album is badly produced ... it just HURTS!" (laughs)

So you're proud of this one then?

"Yeah, I think it's a good album. I would say it's a good album. I would say it's one of our best three."

What are the other two?

"Aha ... er ... (laughs) ... well 'Moontan' is one of my favourites and I like 'To The Hilt' as well because it's so *wierd*!"

Back to 'Cut'. Did you spend more time on it than the other albums?

"Oh yeah. We've been working on it for a year or so, on and off doing gigs then going back into the studio for about four days solid, just sitting there jamming and playing. We practically lived together." (at George's house – home of the 'Kooymans Manor' studio.)

Didn't you get on each other's nerves?

"Well ... we had our flings! (laughs) But it's always the same ... the day after, everybody is great friends and it tightens up the band. I can remember Rinus getting into a terrible argument, with Shell saying: 'Why don't you try it *this* way', and Rinus adamantly shouting: 'It's *my* sound, *my* identity ... I don't have to take this from you ...' We all just slipped out the room (laughs) and waited 'till the storm was over! In the end Shell was right and Rinus was really pleased."

Such arguments are to be expected when a band has been going as long as Earring ... 18 years now. But that time spent together obviously helps them mend any differences. Barry joked that unlike the Who, they hadn't had many fights – just arguments, perhaps that was why the Who were more successful! I asked him about this amazing longevity ... equalled only by Townshend and Co, The Stones and The Kinks. Did he ever think about it?

"Well, yes, but only when things are going bad. Then I think about doing something else. Miraculously, however, everything shapes up again and we find ourselves really busy! We *like* each other! We've been friends for ages. I think the band will always be drifting in each other's water, working together on things."

They've just been through a lean period in their home country, though; a couple a years without a hit single and Barry recalls a time last year when George came to him and asked: 'Do you think it makes sense to do another album?' In the end they couldn't face splitting. Ironically, the same cross-roads was reached early in the seventies. Then as now they were drawn together by the spirit of friendship and went into the studio to record. The resultant album was 'Moontan' and the single 'Radar Love'. The rest as they say, is history.

Last November saw the release of a single 'Twilight Zone' to rave reviews in *Kerrang!* and *Sounds*. Barry was both surprised and delighted to see such British interest. 'TZ' beat all-comers to the number one slot in Holland and did well in the States but sadly saw only minor success in Britain. It seems it came up against rock's traditional enemy ... the BBC. It was branded 'too heavy' for radio play (a ridiculous claim as just one play will confirm) and was thus denied the exposure and the chance to emulate the milestone triumph of 'Radar Love'. The BBC also turned their noses up at a video made to accompany it on the grounds thut it was 'drug-orientated'(!) etc etc. The lyrics tell the story of an assassin who is captured and interrogated. The band act the characters and Barry picks up the story ...

"The rest of the band is chasing me around, they tie me up in a chair in this basement and George is slapping me in the face. Then these chicks in leather mini-skirts come dancing in and one of them has this big syringe. She pops it into my arm ... it's supposed to be a kind of truth serum."

Corrupting stuff, eh? Anyway, the album from which it comes will finally get a proper British release "some time in January", according to Mercury Records. With some decent promotion (and a re-promoted single – hint, hint!), it should score well enough to encourage Earring to visit us once more.

Judo the dog finally kicks the tape over so is given a large bone to keep him quiet. As Barry unwraps it, he explains that the huge knee joint is all that remains of the last interviewer ... then a grin cracks his face and he's laughing again.

So come on then – what's the probability of a British tour? Or even a one-off at Hammersmith??

"It's such a shot in the dark. I think the only proper way is to come over when the song is in the charts. You could say come, and *then* it will go in the charts ... but I don't know. The other thing is we don't want to do support slots anymore, cos we've supported the whole world! I mean, you name them we've supported them! It's ridiculous. I'd rather do smaller halls than go on tour with someone because it's horrible. But then there's the problem that we have to shrink back the equipment."

Not very encouraging is it? But just a couple of hours later I saw this band tear through a set with a performance that I'd rank amongst the finest I've seen – HONEST!

Getting them over here may prove a problem but rest assured, the wait will be worth it.

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, 40 Long Acre, London WC2

THANK YOU for printing up our station description back in *Kerrang!* 23 as we have gotten a great deal of mail for our fan club. We also obtained records from Pete Hinton of Carrere, Geddes Axe, Battleaxe, Cyrka, Wells Fargo, and many others. It seems that our station is getting noticed by many important people. This year we interviewed Bruce Dickinson of Iron Maiden, had many American premiers of new Metal albums, and worked with Johnny Z. in announcing some special Metal concerts. (John put on Raven, Anvil, and Riot in N.Y.C. on Octobsr 29th).

We would also like to tell you about some of the new records that we have been playing and they include: Accept, Venom, Warning, Samson, Lone Wolf (Paul DiAnno's new band), Mercyful Fate, Gillan, Tytan, Twisted Sister, Tank, Heaven, Kiss, Picture, Trance, Dokken, Mama's Boys, Nitro, tons of new compilation LP's and a new band called Talas. Thus new record programming accounts for approximately 40-50% of the airplay in a given hour.

Our station has been playing Metal for three years and as we enter our fourth, we are striving to make it the best. WMSC has Metal 12 hours a week plus we are always giving things away. Our best show is the Saturday night Metal jam which goes from 7pm-1am.

WMSC-FM, the heaviest station in the US, is looking to promote new Metal from all countries. We have been playing many new import albums and realise that there's a lot of good material being released. We are asking any record labels, new or established bands, or managers to send us material or provide us with some kind of record service. Our station is growing in audience size and so is the demand for records from all these good Metal bands. Our station is located in the New York Market, the heaviest listened to market in the world! Just think of having your product being aired in this market let alone the US!

WMSC and some concerned individuals are striving to make all kinds of Metal heard in this area and we ask your support in promoting Metal in the US by helping our station. Anything you can do would be greatly appreciated! Our address is: WMSC-FM, Metal Radio, Montclair State College, Upper Montclair, New Jersey, USA, 07043.

Thank you and continue the excellent work! **Gene Khoury, WMSC-FM metal d.j.**

I HAVE something to Kommunicate. This letter is directed to Malcolm Dome (the man who puts the Kerrap in *Kerrang!*) and to the best heavy rock band to have come out of Britain – Vardis.

Malcolm – it's bad enough *Kerrang!* giving such a little space to Vardis, but it adds insult to injury to find a half page of your half-assed opinions. I for one want to read what Steve Zodiac has to say not what's going on in your mind. Verdict. Malcolm Dome should be sealed in a bunker forever with Tytan and Angelwitch. Then he'd be happy and we'd be happy. Simple isn't it?

I'd like to close with my personal plea to Messrs. Zodiac, Selway and Pearson, I've got every record Vardis ever made. With every new release I think 'brilliant' how can they ever follow this? And Vardis you always do. Ignore Dome. This is one of your dedicated fans speaking. **Gordon Callingham, Islington, London N1.**

CHEERS *Kerrang!* you've done it again! Another slag off about Tank, my fave group. Afraid my letter won't be written in such a descriptive way as Dave of Sunderland. If, and it's a big 'if', you are an unbiased mag, why the hell don't you ever print a reply from a Tank fan? Don't tell me you haven't had any – I know you have. Dave of Sunderland hates Tank, loves Twisted Sister. I rate Tank, hate Twisted Sister – can't stand a load of big ugly blokes prancing around in make-up. Keep on slagging Tank, all us fans have a good laugh – it's like water off a duck's back to us. **Nick Tait.**

THE ARTICLE on Hellion was really appreciated. Over in the United States the press doesn't get behind new groups. Sure the bands might get a tiny review here or there, but that's usually it unless you play trendy music. In LA a lot of people are behind Hellion because they're new and are trying to bypass the standard course of action taken by local bands. If Hellion makes it, so will the people who helped them! That's why people go to the gigs.

Your support of new groups is something unheard of in America. Here the papers want artistes whose pictures will insure so many sales. That's the only concern and it's very sad. I hope your paper will continue supporting talented new American bands. The press here certainly won't. **Dennis Wheeler, Santa Monica, USA.**

JUST THOUGHT I'd write and tell you how pissed off I am with David Coverdale. He puts together yet another misfit group under the name of Whitesnake and thinks they're God's gift to heavies. He then calls the greatest band around, MSG, the Marks & Spencer group, what a prat, eh? Even with Bonnet on vocals 'Assault Attack' knocks the balls off 'Saints 'N' Sinners'. I went to see MSG at Hammersmith and they were brilliant. So why don't Coverdale and Whitesnake just piss off. **Mike Maidstone.**

VENOM: Okay Lisle, open your wimpy mouth again and this could be you!

I WOULD like to say how sorry I am for the total rubbish that a certain Newcastle-based band had to say in issue 29.

I'll just quote a few lines – *'Journey are all wimps', 'Demon: they're the wimpiest bunch of shit bags', 'Heavy Metal is for chicks', 'You get Blck Sabbath and all these wankers', 'Foreigner (wimp music)', 'Journey and Foreigner can't play guitars'.* That's just a few, it was like an interview with the Sex Pistols (only the Pistols interview would have been better) Who the hell do Venom think they are, slagging off two of the biggest bands in the US and then Black Sabbath who were doing black metal better when these three prats were still in their short trousers.

I'll keep clear of your gigs and albums as wimps like us happen to like REO, Foreigner and Journey and wouldn't like the stuff you stole from Sabbath thinking it's a new thing. **Barry Lisle, Newcastle.**

I JUST had to put pen to paper on this matter, couldn't resist it. I've just bought Venom's debut album 'Welcome To Hell', On side two at the beginning of 'In League With Satan' there's a load of jumbled-up nonsense which when played backwards says: *'Satan, raised in hell, raised in hell, I'm gonna burn your soul, burn your bones, I'm gonna make you bleed, you're gonna bleed for me.'*

Methinks I'm onto something here. Is there a prize for uncovering this secret from the depth's of Venom? **Graham Charman, Leeds 17.**

I WAS insulted, to say the least, when I read Cronos' remarks about chicks not liking Venom because they're too heavy, and that bands like Journey & REO are for our sweet delicate little ears only.

Well let me tell you something my darling pagans, you'd be interested to learn that I for one, anyway, think Venom is just about the best thing to arrive on the HM scene in a long, long time.

Venom is exactly what HM should be. It should practically draw blood from your ears, and does Schenker do that?

I used to settle for nothing less than Motorhead but I think you can even teach those lads a few things. When I listen to 'Welcome To Hell' it makes me wonder why the hell I like Saxon so much. All this from a chick, Cronos, and a Yankee one to boot! Keep it up, and blow em all ta hell. You can hang me up on the gibbet any time, Cron ... **Satyra.**

THE CHURCH: where's the dog collars, fellahs?

PREACHER FEATURE

MALCOLM DOME goes down the aisles with The Church

'THE SOUND'. Sift through the annals of rock, and you'll inevitably find that all GREAT bands were possessed of a distinctive sound. Zeppelin, Purple, Floyd, Genesis, AC/DC ... they're each instantly recognisable as soon as any of their records hit the turntable. So are The Church.

An Australian quartet formed in April 1980, the band are exactly the right catalyst to bring the threatened 'New Era Of Progressive Rock' in this country nicely to the boil. Elements of early Floyd, T. Rex, Hawkwind, and William Burroughs swirl and flow to produce an overall beverage palpably related more to the *new* Rush than anything else on the present music scene.

For, like Geddy's men, this band are thinkers, creating an intensity of ideas in a polite fashion. Aural wallpaper that has to be physically torn from walls to be fully appreciated.

To date, The Church have issued two LPs on Saxon-handed Carrere, viz 'The Church' in '81 adn the recent 'Blurred Crusade'. Neither are masterpieces, yet both are mesmerising – flawed diamonds in a musical mineshaft where ordinary chunks of charcoal are all too often mistaken for the real thing.

The two albums have definite features in common. In particular, a style of musical arrangement best described as leaving gaps in the fabric through which the listener is invited to participate.

"Our music is intended to wake up people's imaginations," reveals drummer Nick Ward (the other members of the band being vocalist/bassist Steve Kilbey and Pete Koppes and Marty Willson-Piper, both on guitars/vocals). "We tend to understate our songs, and that is more powerful than overstatement.

"Our numbers are like mini movies," continues Koppes. "People today go to the cinema and try to guess the ending of a film even before it's begun. And then if it proves to be as predictable as they thoughh, they leave disappointed. With The Church, we're always striving to retain the element of surprise."

Certainly, the majority of recorded works from the band fit into the 'unpredictable' category, especially on the lyrical side. Phrases like *'tell those girls with rifles for minds'*, and *'tell those men with horses for hearts'* (both from 'The Unguarded Moment' on their debut LP) leave much room (perhaps too much for the average punter?) for personal interpretation.

As Koppes says: "the lyrics stand up as poetry in their own right. We want them to be sort of timeless, able to contain a relevance for people not only not, but in the future. We aren't interested in naive political statements."

The Church are constantly changing and re-grouping traditional musical ideas.

"We always keep an open mind," explains Koppes. "With our line-up of bass, drum and guitars there *are* obvious limits, but we enjoy experimenting with other instruments in the studio. To us, music is the perfect expressiòn of poetry, changing with the times and remaining the most powerful conveyor of ideologies and thoughts in existence. As musicians we are forever reaching ahead, trying out new things and fresh arrangements. We want to touch everyone, but in our own fashion."

Critical/public acceptance of the enigma that is The Church won't happen overnight. Evolution, rather than revolution is their way forward. And I would be the first to admit that this band don't make it easy for the listener. They *demand* so much. But ... *Kerrang!* readers should be prepared to rise to the band's challenge. Hunt down the albums, check 'em out when they return to the UK live circuit and read through the imminently published book of Steve Kilbey's poetry, 'The Crowded Visible'.

Then, perhaps, sometime in the near future, we can further discuss in these hallowed pages The Church, and their attitudes to fame, fables and fear.

(l-r) Pete Way, Ozzy, Tommy Aldridge, Brad Gillis, John 'Ronnie' Allen

PETE WAY

OZZY

pics by Ross Halfin

KONCERTS!

WHITESNAKE,
Newcastle City Hall

"I'M always nervous before a gig. Here I am close to home as I can get and my bottom is quivering". David Coverdale had no need to be nervous. The Whitesnake fans of Newcastle were due to give Coverdale and heavy friends the kind of warm welcome that encourages the most pusillanimous of posteriors.

David was roaming the corridors of a magnificent castle when I met him a half hour before the concert was due to start at the City Hall. I was just admiring a suit of armour lurking in an alcove when David swept along a stone passage, a mass of curls flowing overhis shoulders, looking not unlike a medieval prince about to go hawking, hunting and riding rough shod over the villeins.

Whitesnake had established basecamp at Lumley Castle, a magnificent edifice set on a hill some 12 miles out of town. I had arrived by Mr. Stephenson's newfangled railroad to meet the band and see the first of three nights of musical orgying. There was just time to greet David, Cozy Powell and Jon Lord bofore hastening back to the city centre for the concert.

It was only the third night of the debut tour of the revamped band and they had a lot to play and say. If David has been accused of demanding a regimented backing band in the past, there was no evidence of that during a show generously larded with solo space and feature spots.

For this was very much a 'hello' to the fans who leapt to their feet the second the band took the stage.

"Good evening!" roared David, clad in blue jeans, a waistcoat and mike stand. "Are you READY?" He seemed to stamp great authority on the simplest of greetings. From then on he led band and audience on a wild ride of flash and mayhem.

At this early stage in the new band's development there were moments of imbalance, however. The group seemed to be searching for that elusive climax that makes for total satisfaction and there were signals afterwards that they hadn't entirely reached that state of nirvana. But they came pretty damn close.

Whitesnake is certainly loaded with talent, but David is the unifying force, a sort of Luke Skywalker amidst the star wars raging around him. He can sing from a shout to a whisper, from a tenor boom to a falsetto shriek with dazzling skill. As he fixes the audience with a smile or a scowl he veers from vulnerable sex symbol to imperial procurator, now gracious, now bullying, his moods changing with kaleidoscopic speed. The music reflects his personality, always demanding, and seeking new avenues. Funky ballads are mixed with raunchy blues, explosive rave-ups vie with the occasional oasis of calm. None falls into any particular category and musical labels are anathema to David as he told me later. What counts most with Whitesnake is the level of performance and swift communication with their fans.

They could take the easy route and go for straightforward bludgeoning, but that would be boring. At any rate with Cozy Powell on drums and Colin Hodgkinson on bass there's never any danger of Whitesnake's driving thrust flagging for an instant. Colin is a remarkable bassist who came to fame with Back Door and Cozy has long been one of my favourite drummers.

DAVID COVERDALE: the new Rod Stewart?

Front-line duties are shared between Jon Lord and guitarists Micky Moody and Mel Galley. The latter have distinctly different styles, Micky, beaming beneath a huge hat and moustache, concentrates on blues and slide guitar solos, while Mel plays the harder hitting lead lines, with vocals to match.

David led his men through 'Walking In The Shadow Of The Blues', the fast boogie shuffle 'Looking For Love'; 'Ready An' Willing' 'Don't Break My Heart Again' and many more, with the fans yelling, waving their arms and joining in the chorus.

One of the greatest highlights of the show was Cozy Powell's amazing drum solo. Flash, bang and wallop would be the easiest way to describe a *tour-de-force* that featured Cozy drumming along to recordigs of '633 Squadron' and 'The 1812 Overture.' I won't give away all the details, go and see the show. But be warned, if you wear contact lenses don't peer into the glare of the flames.

Jon Lord was featured too on a moving keyboard solo and Mel Galley and Colin worked up a lather on a traditional blues that reminded me of Cream's old workhorse, 'Rolling And Tumbling'. All the while David was up

front armed with a towel to wipe off the sweat and a drink to lubricate his throat. 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City' was delivered over a slow, menacing beat with the kids joining in with yells and handclaps before the band broke into 'Fool For Your Loving'.

"Whitesnake," we chanted. "MORE!" we shrieked. The band are just at the beginning of what will be a long journey that will doubtless take them round the world, and it can't be long now'ere Coverdale is a superstar of international proportions.

CHRIS WELCH

OZZY OSBOURNE, Birmingham NEC

WITH OZZY's Brum appearance looming large and fast, a call found its way to the *Kerrang!* office from a concerned NEC. The situation was urgent, the morals of a generation on the line – just what *was* going to happen at the show?

Believing British folk to be more hype-resistant than colonial cousins, I honestly didn't believe that the hysteria surrounding Ozzy's US dates would find its way here. After all, we know he's not *really* mad, don't we . . . DON'T WE?! I began to wonder when the approach of last month's Blizzard dates saw much reasonable thinking / behaviour depart post-haste through the nearest available window.

Local authorities, as ever, were the worst offenders, swiftly summoning a host of petty edicts – NO lasers, NO hanging the dwarf, NO swearing onstage (some **** chance) – though the RSPCA, normally fairly rational, weren't far behind, appearing in full battledress at the Birmingham show having no doubt heard a whisper of parrot garotting or wholesale poodle destruction.

Don't misunderstand me, I'm against the abuse of animals as much as anyone, but the fact remains that Ozzy's onstage fortress, superbly lit and constructed, provides the basis for a show that's certainly extravagant but in no way entails such gross goings-on. It's all enjoyable, escapist stuff, even the lynching of the midget (finally accomplished at Wembly following Ozzy's instructions to "string the bastard up!"), of no particular harm to man *or* beast.

This being virtually a home gig for the Ozz, a fact brought home dramatically by the sudden appearance of Tony Iommi (see back page for full colour proof), there's a high degree of tension in and around the dressing room as support band Budgie quit the stage.

Brandishing an evil-looking elbow-spike and silly 'torpedo' hat, finally and wisely given over to his young son, the chainmailed one paces away relentlessly while Pete 'Angel Of Death' Way, having to play two new basses and short on rehearsal time, finds himself similarly on edge. There's a point to be proved tonight; namely that behind the stunts and the sensationalism there lurks a genuine rock 'n' roll outfit capable of delivering without the trimmings but, on this occasion, poor sound, a cold venue (there's a blizzard raging outside too) and a somewhat jaded Ozz leave the band initially unconvincing.

'Over The Mountain', 'Mr Crowley', 'Crazy Train', 'Revelation Mother Earth', all come and go devoid of the usual clenched passion and it isn't until 'Goodby To Romance', delivered sadly without 'Ronnie's' pendulous support, that Ozzy strikes up an arm-swaying rapport with the 6,000-plus assembled.

From here on in it's emotional event, climaxing with the traditional lapse into Sabbath oldies, Ozzy by this time beaming ear-to-ear. 'Sweet Leaf', a new addition to the set, having already been dispensed, the end spot is reserved as per usual for 'Iron Man' and 'Children Of The Grave', the latter coming across even better than on 'Talk...' with Tommy Aldridge, quite possibly the world's best hard rock drummer, locked into double-bass drive and the fast-burgeoning Brad Gillis still managing to hold his guitar on the brink of feedback and roll two riffs into one, a feat that must have left the onlooking Iommi considerably perplexed.

Pete Way, though not really on a par with the Americans, follows his pre-gig brief ("GO MENTAL!") to the letter and provides some welcome onstage camaraderie for the Ozz. The ex-UFO-er is now fully fledged, fully initiated Blizzard member, though how long Gillis and Aldridge will remain in the band is uncertain-the former has commitments to Night Ranger the latter to Hughes/Thrall.

If they do go then Ozzy will certainly have a tough time finding replacements of equal stature but this pensive note shouldn't really cloud the fact that the show, complete with giant metallic hand cradling the Ozz high above the stage before the encore 'Paranoid', was a success-in the end, at least.

DANTE BONUTTO

SILVERWING
South Bank Poly, London

THE PROBLEM of whether to laugh *with* Silverwing or *at* them always used to be a major obstacle to any attempts to enjoy their shows. If you'd heard anything about them you knew that they were having a laugh and wanted you to simply enjoy yourself, but you still couldn't help wondering whether their vaguely shambolic appearances were actually worth the effort.

This particular gig seems to signal a vital change in Silverwing, and could mark the beginning of some sort of genuine progress. Previously encumbered by premature praise, they're now going out playing to people who don't know what to expect (and don't get flashbombs), and can therefore shed the albatross of audience expectation. They're still taking the piss of course, but they're no longer so pathetically intent on the audience realising how smart they are-and as a result they're much more razor-edged than ever before.

Gloriously trashy but spunky and tight, this was certainly the best show I've seen them do. The new songs are snappy and gutsy, and for the most part wonderfully tacky too. The second number says it all really-The Supremes' 'Baby Love' HM style, tackier than 'Violation' left overnight on Ithe radiator-and just before the end the set's second cover rams the point home, a rendition of Japan's 'Adolescent Sex' that's both very good and wonderfully sleazy.

In between, the likes of the self-penned 'Soldier Girl' and 'First Kiss' (Subtly transmuted from a gently, considered intro, suiting its title, into an utterly mindless, marvellous thrash-stress the fact that Silverwing are now a tangible quality item instead of a 2½D cardboard cutout. Guitarist Trevor Kirkpatrick and drummer Steve Roberts really are excellent musicians, a substantially obscured facet of the band before now-and since they've also given up pretending that they can sing and just *do it* instead transformation is complete.

The rock and roll doctor prescribes a succession of gigs with no flashbombs, and admission strictly prohibted to people who expect the earth from Silverwing, to be taken aurally for several weeks. Thereafter the patient should be on top form and fully fit to take on the world. Thinks-now there's another truly, garishly awful song for them to cover...

PAUL SUTER

SHIVA
Birmingham Odeon

IT HAS to be said that I've had more than my fair share of differences in the past with Heavy Metal Records boss Paul Birch over the quality (or rather lack of it!) of his product. Regardless of what he thinks I can be fair with him. If I like an act, I like it regardless of label. I like Shiva.

Filling in tonight for Vandenberg, who couldn't perform owing to the death of bassist Dik Kemper's mother, Shiva aquitted themselves well on this one-off gig. Their general style can be equated with no-one but the Canadian pensioners Rush and a fair copy they make too. John Hall's vocals when heard live hit you even more squarely as a carbon copy of Geddy's high-pitched squeal yet it doesn't grate which is a mercy.

Shiva lost something of the subtlety displayed on their album as Andy Skuse had his work cut out to play bass *and* keyboards live, but they made up for it thanks to some excellent play by drummer Chris Logan and guitarist Hall. 'Angel Of Mons' and 'User' were greeted with some form of mild recognition and were without doubt the superior numbers.

Two faults struck me. Firstly, the band looked visibly nervous on stage – I guess due to limited appearances. That can be rectified with experience. The other can't. The band's anthem 'Shiva' is surely the worst song that they've laid down and should be ditched post haste. That apart, very promising.

HOWARD JOHNSON

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
Wembley Arena

WELL, HE didn't play my favourite songs for a start. I mean, where were 'Magnolia' and 'Shadow Of A Doubt', eh Tom? Not in the set you played at Wembley, that's for sure.

But, give the man his due, when Tom Petty returned in triumph for his first London show in almost three years, he didn't simply plug tracks from his new album 'Long After Dark'. Instead he peppered his hour and a half on stage with material like 'American Girl', 'Listen To Her Heart' and 'I Need To Know' from his earliest LPs as well as nuggets from the 'Damn The Torpedoes' and 'Hard Promises' collections. So if he was to be criticised for leaving anything out it was only because he had so many other great songs to choose from. And he sang enough of them to leave the crowd on thier feet screaming for more.

Nevertheless, those encores were by no means a foregone conclusion even though Wembley Arena was packed solid with self-confessed Petty-philes. The blond adonis from Down South had to work hard to deliver the delirium. Hardly his fault perhaps but, in comparison with Dave Edmunds beefy and bouncing support set, Tom Petty's opening numbers were plagued by a muddy mix which left the 'breakers largely inaudible at the back and cut down his seductive vocal sneer to little more than an embarassing squeak. Indeed, the swampy 'Louisiana Rain' – and Bobby Valentino's guest cajun fiddle – had been and gone long before Mike Campbell's chords lurched into the strutting 'New World Boy Down The Old Kings Road' and the boys int he band really began to break hearts in earnest.

From then on in, it was up all the way. Benmont Tench's spinning Hammond and Campbell's raunchy guitar set up a mesmerising whirl of sound against an arrogant beat crashing fairly, squarely and hugely successfully between modern heavy rock and new wave nostalgia. And with Petty's incomparable voice to the fore the Hearbreakers proved once again that they are one of the most distinctive and undeniably classy rock bands in the world.

CHAS DE WHALLEY

GEDDES AXE
Ad-Lib, Kensington

IF I was a member of Geddes Axe, I would be feeling more than a little peeved off, at the poor attendance, on this cold Thursday evening, in mid-November. Mind you having said that the Ad-Lib, isn't the easiest of venues to get to, and is too far off the beaten track, for yer average H.M. fan to find.

Still the few that did show up seemed to enjoy the show, but I was disappointed, and got the feeling the axe were just going thru the motions, even *Kerrang's* own Paul Suter whom, I seemed to re-call raved about the G.A.'s last year when they played a showcase gig at the Marquee, was seen to be shaking his head sadly, and said that the boys have definitely gone down hill, and accused 'em of turning into a trash metal band. Apparently they favoured Rush/Sabbath cross-over material last time out.

Starting off with 'Rock 'N' Roll Is The Way', a Deff Leppard influenced song, with catchy twin lead attack, I thought these the boys could could do no wrong. But when they followed that with, 'Life In London' and 'Wild Fire', I began to realize, Geddes Axe, were living on borrowed time, ok they may hail from the same heavy metal steel town as the aforementioned Leppard, but to start cloning them is unforgiveable, and the funny thing was, that a rather quite and subdued Joe Elliot was sitting in the corner, and couldn't keep the grin off his boat. "Anyone heard of Kiss", shouted vocalist Tony Rose, as he introduced, 'Detroit Rock City', and the reply was a loud and clear, "NO". Surprisingly enough they turned in quite a good cover version of the Stanely-penned classic, the twin lead axe attack of Messrs, Martin Wilson and Nick Brown being spot-on. '666', which promptly followed, was very amusing, as the title suggests, even the Ozzy sounding evil laugh was thrown in for good measure, but during 'Escape From New York', I escaped to the bar, for a much needed pint, and found the rest of their set boring and tedious.

A pity coz lead guitarist Martin Wilson is a fine axe man, and I got the feeling he was playing material he wasn't really at home with. Maybe a return to the Rush-influenced sound would do Geddes Axe a power of good. Or maybe I caught 'em on an off night.

XAVIER RUSSELL

SOLDIER
The Wellington, London

FIVE-PIECE Soldier pulled a fairly large crowd considering M.S.G. were playing at Hammersmith only ten minutes down the road, but they kept everyone waiting until nearly 10:30 before they came onstage.

The opener called 'A Fire In My Heart' was rather poor, and the sheer volume at which they were playing made it difficult to think straight (perhaps that was the intention?)

'Don't Throw Your Life Away' was a little better but it elicited only a lukewarm reaction, save for a lone idiot dancer at the front and some polite applause at the rear.

"This is our obligatory slow number" said the singer before a song called 'Why?' I had seen all the facial grimaces and poses a thousand times before but I'd have been prepared to forgive them if their music had been a little more original. The lead guitarist seemed to think he was Scott Gorham and his lead break was blatantly Thin Lizzy influenced to say the least.

DAVID LING

TONY IOMMI & OZZY OSBOURNE

DOES THIS picture, oozing warmth and friendship of a family-like nature, indicate the possibility of a reunion between The Ozz and Iommi, you may be asking yourselves. Well it's highly unlikely but, as you can viddy for yourself, there's no hard feelings and the moustachioed geetarist did turn up to see his satanic schoolchum in full frenzied action in their hometown of Brum. The Sabs, now minus a drummer and vocalist, have a live double-album, 'Live Evil', due out shortly and it'll be interesting to hear the great debate that follows (and is already in full throes at the Kerrang! domain), regarding the quality and validity of each unit's covers of the original Sabbaf toons as there's no doubt that each party has equal rights to the material. Whaddya think????

pic by Ross Halfin